

It's Easier to Hate Others

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Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-11-18 07:36:04

Updated: 2007-12-27 05:03:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:36:57

Rating: T

Chapters: 40

Words: 32,731

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: [RvB. Rating due to change. Slash, het, gen] Just some stories. Thirty seventh one: Grif and Donut, while in the afterglow, get to discussing what theyâ€™ve used in the past as lubricant.

1. Tongues and Manhood

****A/N:**** So, instead of working on any of my unfinished fics (I'll finish someday), I decide to start up another drabble collection. You must all be fed up with me by now. But hey. I haven't posted up a RvB story yet, and surprisingly enough it's het. Also, there are too few RvB stories out there.

> Genre: Humor/Romance

> Parings: Church/Tex

> Rating: PG-13 for mentions of violent acts.

> Warnings: Het, and aforementioned violent acts.

Tongues and Manhood

Once, when Church had mustered up enough courage to ask out Tex (for the fifteenth time that hot summer day), a teen-who Tex had rejected numerous times yet still stole his wallet-decided to make some less-than-kind (or wise) remarks. Remarks that not only were pretentious, but very suicidal.

"You know, Tex must be a lesbian if she's dating Church!"

The next day the teen was found with his tongue ripped out of his mouth and no one could find it anywhere. When later asked by the authorities, he wrote down on a piece of paper that Lucifer's reincarnate did it.

No one said otherwise and the case was dropped.

Leonard Church liked to think that Tex did it to defend his honor (that's not to say he wasn't man enough to defend her honor instead).

He's never been that good at deluding himself, though.

2. What's Yours is Mine, What's Mine is You

****A/N:**** Well, here I am with another drabble, and so soon! Be amazed. I think I'm going to try to write a drabble a day until the New Year which will suck just like this one. Well, maybe a little less.

> Edit: Apparently isn't working right now, so I have to post up my drabbles later. Sorry to anyone who cares. All's one of you.

****Genre:**** Humor/Romance

> **Pairings:** Grif/Simmons

> **Rating:** T for swearing?

> **Warnings:** In this, Simmons is able to drink liquids. Live with it. (I honestly don't remember if he can or not after being turned into a cyborg.) Also, slightly fluffy at the end, I suppose.

> **Summary:** Cold lemonade on a hot day in a box canyon. It's best not to question good luck, or to try a cyborg's patience when it involves their body parts you're currently using.

> **Disclaimer:** They weren't mine five minutes ago, they aren't mine now. And in five minutes, they still won't be mine.

What's Yours is Mine, What's Mine is Yours

For some reason, command had sent them a huge crate of lemons. The crate had come, just out of the blue. Upon seeing the crate's contents, being the type of guy he was, Donut set straight away to making lemonade.

The sun was bearing down on the soldiers, as per usual, there were no ice cubes, the lemons had arrived steaming hot (Grif swore they were melting to which Sarge ordered Simmons so bash the orange Spartan's head in with a lemon), they hadn't had water for a long time, but somehow Donut had managed to hand them all freezing cups of lemonade. It wasn't bitter, either. No, it indeed was sweet, with the barest trace of sourness mixed in.

Grif took another gulp of his drink, relishing the feel of the cold liquid cascading down his throat that had been abused through years of drinking and smoking. Simmons mimicked his actions, though opting instead to sip rather than gulp his lemonade.

"You know, if you don't slow down, Grif, you'll start hiccupping. You could also get an upset stomach," Simmons lectured.

"Why do you care?" Grif replied, drinking his lemonade faster out of spite.

"Because, cockbite, those are my organs you're screwing up."

"Not anymore." Grif was glad their helmets were off; Simmons could see his smirk and he could see the disbelieving, and hateful, glare form Simmons.

Grif finished off what was in his glass before setting it down besides him. He grinned triumphantly at Simmons who did nothing but

glare at him in return. Then, after a minute of silence, Simmons leaned over abruptly and claimed Grif's lips with his own. It was a brief kiss, but still furious. When Simmons broke away, it was his turn to smirk at Grif's unbelieving features. A beat later, when his heart had calmed down considerably, the orange Spartan was able to stammer a response to his teammate's actions.

"W-what the hell?!"

"Those are still my body parts. I was just claiming them," Simmons replied, his voice teasingly mocking.

"By kissing me?"

"Yes. Sarge told me that, among almost everything else, you got my upper lip." Simmons took a sip of his lemonade, Grif unable to move his gaze away from the maroon soldier. "Ah. Donut's lemonade is really refreshing, but it tastes better on my- our lips."

3. Conversations in the Closet

****A/N:**** Here I am with another one. Enjoy and review, please.
> Genre: Humor mostly, with a dash of Romance.
> Pairing: Slight Grif/Simmons
> Rating: T for language
> Warnings: Slash and language. Oh, and arousals.

Conversations in the Closet

"How did you manage-"

"I blame you for this."

"-to get us locked in a closet?"

"Hey, it's totally not my fault!"

There was silence then, both-armor-less-men glaring at each other in the dim light of their surroundings, which was indeed a closet. The closet was small and cramped, filled with useless boxes and crates that held nothing of real importance. There was so little space, in fact, that the farthest away they could be from the other still left their knees pressed together.

Simmons. Was. Royally. Pissed.

Grif. Was. Not. To. Blame.

Donut had sent both of them in there to, quote, "find something really, really important." So they went into the closet neither had realized existed. In the middle of the night. When they were disorientated and in nothing but their boxers and, in Simmons' case, undershirt. (In retrospect, that had been really, really dumb of them.) After that, Donut had closed, and locked, the door behind them. Trapping them. In a small, cramped, dimly lit closet. Before leaving them, he had said one last thing, "You guys seriously need some time to work out your UST."

When they got out of the closet, they were both going to kill the pink Spartan in the most god-awful way they could think of. It would be slow. It would be painful. And it would involve Donut getting dry skin, which he hated.

"What the fuck is UST, anyway?" Grif asked out-of-the-blue.

"How the hell should I know?" Simmons snapped in reply.

"Well, you're suppose to be the smart one."

Silence settled in, awkwardly, again. Simmons was breathing heavily and Grif was rhythmically hitting the heel of his foot against the box they shared.

Thud, _thud_, _thud_.

Simmons clenched his eyes shut.

Thud, _thud_, _thud_.

"Grif, would you stop that already!" the maroon boxer wearing man asked, though it was more of an order.

"Stop what?" Grif replied, not paying much attention. Simmons let out a groan and Grif went on talking. Thankfully, for Simmons' sanity's sake, he stilled his foot.

"USTâ€¦|USTâ€¦|Undesirable Systematic Tanks?"

"â€¦|What?"

"I'm thinking about what UST stands for."

"I guessed that, I mean, what the hell is an "Undesirable Systematic Tank? That makes no sense."

"Oh, yeah? Then let's see you come up with something better," the orange boxer wearing man challenged.

"Oh, trust me, I can. How about Undetectable Simplistic Terror?"

"Now that's dumb," laughed Grif.

The two went back and forth for awhile, neither coming close enough for the other's satisfaction. Soon they gave an unsettling deciphering of UST.

"Unresolvedâ€¦|" started Simmons.

"Sexual tension?" Grif offered.

For the third time that night (or early morning now, they couldn't tell) silence reigned supreme between the two Reds. It was the longest and most awkward time yet. Grif shifted, palms sweaty, and Simmons cleared his throat. After what seemed an unbearable eternity, Grif spoke again.

"Goddamn, Simmons, do you have to sit so close to me?"

"Hey, cockbite, in case you haven't noticed, we're in a closet," Simmons defended himself.

"So? What are we, a fuckin' couple? You don't have to be so close."

"We're in a goddamn closet, Grif! I can't get any further away!" Simmons practically shouted. "Or, trust me, I would."

Both men were quiet again, after that. They were trying so hard not to touch the other it was painfully obvious, though neither realized it. Simmons mentally thanked the darkness for hiding his flushed face (that was only due to the heat, damn it!). Grif did the same, for similar reasons (the feel of that kiss ass's knee was NOT turning him on!).

It was going to be a long night (or early morning).

They were going to torture Donut when they got out before killing him slowly.

4. First Kiss

****A/N:** ****Woo-hoo!** I've gotten some nice reviews, and that pleases me. Now I post up another one that I hope you all enjoy reading almost as much as I enjoyed writing it.

> After this one, I'm going to writing a Grif-centered one, and then I think I will expand on the last drabble.
 ****Genre:**

****Humor/Romance/General**

> **Pairings:** **Donut/OC** (though don't worry, he doesn't like it), Donut/Caboose

> **Rating:** **K+** seems fair enough to me. I could be wrong.

> **Warnings:** **Slash** and poor little Donut traumatized as a child.

> **Summary:** **Franklin Delano Donut** only got kissed by a girl once, and he didn't like it.

First Kiss

Franklin Delano Donut remembers, vividly, his first kiss with a girl. Try as he might, he couldn't forget that night. He supposed the old saying was true: your mind remembers what you don't want it to.

The evening had started out simply enough. Donut's mother had arranged a "play date" between her son, who was twelve at the time, and the little neighbor girl only a year older. Donut, being the innocent boy he was, went to the park with the girl; whose name he was pretty sure was Lizzie. Though, people, at first glance, suspected he was a girl, what with his semi-long hair in pig-tails, a tight pink shirt with a big flower on it, and tan short-shorts with a random blue belt. Not to mention the big fake flower tied into his right pig-tail. (That and his figure was more feminine than most boys, and some girls, his age.)

So for a few hours he played with this girl, Lizzie. He had fun, even though she always found some way to touch him. She also giggled a lot, but that was okay; he did, too.

Finally, the sky was darkening, making it hard to see despite the newly lit lampposts.

"We should be getting ba-"

That's when it happened. Suddenly, Donut was pushed up against a monkey bar pole, the cold metal pinching his back. The older girl's lips, which tasted strongly of her watermelon lip gloss, were pressed against his, devouring them.

Oh, god! She's violating my lips! Oh, now she'sâ€¦ Is that her tongue!? Her tongue is in my mouth! Ohgodohgodohgod! She's molesting my tongue. I can feel itâ€¦Ew! It's so slimy and slippery andâ€¦ AND I DON'T WANT IT IN MY MOUTH! I'm too young to be raped!

Finally, Lizzie the neighbor girl pulled away from the smaller, lithe boy. She asked him why he was crying, but he only pushed her as far away as he could. He ran back home as fast as he could, tears sting his young eyes and trailing after him.

The next day, Donut listened as his mother apologized to Lizzie's mother, Ms. Something-or-Other, saying, "Franklin's just shy. He'll grow out of it yet."

Franklin Delano Donut never saw that Lizzie girl again. Years later, he found himself stationed at Blood Gulch. After traveling to the future, with people who were suppose to be his enemies, he ended up kissing a Blue named Michael J. Caboose.

His mother was wrong; he didn't grow out of being "shy" with girls.

In his opinion, girls were only meant as friends who would swap recipes with him and let him play with their hair.

5. The Afterlife

**A/N: **I kill those that I loveâ€¦
> Genre: Angst/General
> Pairings: None, really
> Rating: T for character death
> Warnings: Character death
> Summary: We all die eventually, but not all of us come back.

The Afterlife

It had happened. It had actually, finally happened. No one saw it coming. He may not have been in the best condition physically, or mentally for that matter, but he always seemed to bounce back after every hit. He always seemed to dodge death, though sometimes just barely. But it had happened, it was real: Dexter Grif was dead.

It wasn't even a glorious death, though he fortunately didn't suffer long. There was instant pain, then death. His helmet was knocked off and O'Malley, having taken over the body of Donut, shot him. The bullet hit him straight in the temple; there was no way he could have survived. And unlike Church and Tex, he didn't come back as a

ghost.

It wasâ€|odd, to say the least, without the orange clad soldier. There was no one forgetting to bring extra ammo when they went into battle situations, refusing to do work, coming up with "mystical" names for the Warthog, making fun of Simmons for being a kiss ass. There wasn't anyone filling the base with smokeâ€| There was an unbearable empty bunk they all refused to look at, even go into the same room as. (Said room seemed dull, missing the important presence it used to always hold.)

Sarge had always voiced his hate for Grif: threatening to kill him, ordering Simmons to poison his meals or slit his throat while he slept, making plans that involved either using Grif as a decoy (that hopefully got killed) or just plain "accidentally" shooting him. Without Grif, though, he found team moral and personal motivation lacking. He had no grunt man to yell at, threaten, to hate. Sometimes, he could swear he heard the wind whisper "Puma" whenever he mentioned the Warthog.

Simmons knew that with Grif's death, the whole chain of command would be thrown off balance. Oh, he still kissed Sarge's ass, but he only used half as much effort than he used to. Something seemedâ€|off when he wasn't mocked for his efforts. He went patrolling on his own know, becoming lonelier than when his father had died, and spent his nights on guard duty with Donut, bombarded with silence save for the wind.

Donut didn't talk much after they got O'Malley out of him. He had no heart to. In the span of a week he might say ten words, most being "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." Once, Simmons had asked him if he knew any good crock pot recipes, just to see even a spark of the old Donut. The pink Spartan had only replied by staring out at the canyon. Simmons didn't try after that.

The days after it happened, the base seemed too quiet. Yet, the pungent smell of cigarettes wouldn't fade. It seemed to linger on far after the orange Spartan was no more.

6. The Small Gets Smaller

****A/N: ****Sorry it's a day late; I was extremely busy yesterday, and most of today. Well, happy holidays, everyone. Now, I'm going to quickly type up then post _today's_ drabble.

> Genre: Humor/Romance slightly

> Pairings: Grif/Simmons

> Rating: T

> Warnings: Language, and slash.

> Summary: They're still in the closet, and the door won't open.

The Small Gets Smaller

"Donut, where is Grif?"

"Well, Sarge, he's still in the closet-"

"Heh. Like you, pinkie?" Sarge chuckled.

"LIGHT RED!" Donut yelled in defense. "Besides," the soldier continued, "he's in the closet with Simmons."

There was a moment of silence, giving the Red sergeant enough time to process what the younger man had said. Finally, his reply came.

"Boy, what in Sam Hell are you talking' about?"

"They're in the closet over there."

"â€|Why?"

"They need to work out their UST," Donut explained.

"â€|Son, I don't have time for this. Just go get them."

"Fine. But you know, Sarge, it's rude to interrupt people in such a delicate stage of a relationship--"

"Donut," Sarge said warningly.

"I'll go get them."

Donut went over to the closet and pressed in the code to unlock the door. Suffice to say, it didn't work. He tried the handle to the door (he didn't know why there was a handle _and_ a keypad) with the same results. "Uh-oh. Uh, hey Sarge?" He went back over to his commander. "How soon do you need them?"

"Donut, what's the hold up?"

"I can't get the door open."

"â€|Son, this better not be some kind of jokeâ€|"

"Don't worry sir; they're really stuck in the closet."

Giving it a second thought, Sarge wished it _was_ a joke. Sighing he said, "I'll go get a hammer. Or," He brightened up. "I can utilize the power of the sun to fuel a mechanism so powerful, it could break the walls of the closet with a sonic boom. Or we can get the teleporter and spare partsâ€|"

* * *

>There was a knock at the door and the occupants of the room, broken out of their personal strained reveries, turned towards the noise.<p><p>

"Yeah, guysâ€|uhâ€|Sarge wants me to tell you that the door is stuck and we can't get you out for another five hours it looks like. That's really actually good new," the nervous Donut quickly added. "Now you have plenty of time to work out your problems!"

The closet seemed to suddenly shrink.

"Uh, guys?"

"Donut," Grif finally said. "I am personally going to shoot you while

you sleep."

"And I'll put in a request to Command for a new rookie," Simmons added, ice in his voice.

With an "eep!" from Donut and retreating footsteps, it was silent once again. Grif shifted slightly, half out of anger half out of awkwardness. His hand grazed Simmons' briefly, sending invisible sparks up and down both men's arms. After what seemed hours, yet in reality was little over seven minutes, Grif sighed and rested his head on a box behind him with a mild thud.

"This totally sucks. I'm so _bored_."

"How long have we been in here?" Simmons asked, clearing his throat.

Gif didn't need to think before answering. "Too long."

Grif, trying not to focus on how his and Simmons' knees couldn't _not_ touch, hit his head lightly on the box over and over again. Simmons placed his hands in his lap covered by maroon boxers and tried to will his eye to stop twitching. It didn't work.

"Ah!" he shrieked, not able to stand it any longer. "Grif, stop doing that. You're driving me crazy!"

"I can't drive you where you already are," Grif replied thoughtlessly. Simmons narrowed his eyes, but didn't say a thing, just crossed his arms and pouted.

The brief thought of how cute the other man looked when pouting flashed in Grif's mind. It was enough to shock him completely still.

"It's about time," Simmons mumbled. To Grif he said, "Thank you."

More time passed in silence, Simmons trying to rest with his eyes closed and Grif attempting to forget he'd ever associated the word "cute" with Simmons.

"It's so damn hot in here," Simmons yawned softly. Grif had to strain to catch the words.

"Y-yeah. It really is," he agreed shakily.

"I'm going to try to sleep," he informed Grif. The other man just nodded. A few minutes later Simmons was out like a light (Or Grif's sanity, Donut's masculinity, and Sarge's compassion-not that any of those ever existed).

"Son of a bitch," he moaned as Simmons moved slightly so his head was resting against Grif's shoulder, his faint breath tickling his bare arm.

It was really going to be a long five hoursâ€¦

Soon, Grif was asleep as well, an arm unknowingly wrapped around the other man. Time passes quicker, after all, when you're

dreaming.

7. Moral Boosting

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**A/N:** No idea where this came from!
> Oh, and I'll have a Thanksgiving based drabble tomorrow, one day
<em>after</em> the holiday.
> <strong>Genre: <strong>Humor/Romance/General
> <strong>Pairings: <strong>Grif/Simmons (you all must know my
favorite pairing by now)
> <strong>Rating: <strong>T
> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Language and mentions of sex.
> <strong>Summary:<strong> Donut has everyone say something nice to
someone else with interesting results.
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Moral Boosting

Donut, deciding that everyone needed to not only be friendlier to each other but a moral boost as well, put everyone's name in a hat. He made everyone draw from said hat before he told them why.

"I got your name, Donut," sighed Simmons.

"Oh, yeah? You think that's bad, I got your name, Simmons," Grif told the maroon Spartan, who glared at him from behind his helmet.

"Quit yer complaining, dirtbags. I got Grif's name," Sarge said.

"And that leaves me with Sarge's name," Donut said, too happy for the other Reds to bear.

"Okay, Donut, what's all this about?" Sarge demanded.

"Well," explained Donut, "now you have to say one kind thing about whosever name you have." Grif started protesting right away, the other two joining in. the pin-lightish red Spartan ignored them. "First, Simmons will say something nice to me, then I'll do the same for Sage, then he'll say something to Grif, and finally Grif'll say something nice about Simmons. Let's start!"

Everyone turned to Simmons expectedly.

Uh! "You're, um!" he stammered. "You're very!"

"Come on, Simmons. Kiss assing is your specialty," Grif harassed.

"Yeah, to superior officers," he replied in defense. Then to Donut he said, "You're very creative and an excellent cook."

"Thank you Simmons. Sarge," he turned to his commanding officer. "You are a talented strategist. Not to mention your good looks." Never mind Donut had yet to see under Sarge's helmet.

"Why, thank you, Donut," Sarge replied, clearly flattered.

"You better watch it, Simmons," Grif warned him laughing. "Donut

might just take your place as number one kiss ass." Simmons thought briefly about killing everyone in the room.

"Now it's your turn, Sarge," Donut reminded. "It has to be _nice_."

"Oh, fine. Let's seeâ€|Grif!"

"Yes, sir?" the orange Spartan replied, sighing.

"You make an excellent decoy."

"Sarge," Donut said, tapping his foot.

"Okay, okay. Grif," it was Sarge's turn to sigh. "You aren't completely uselessâ€|I guess."

"There's the spirit!" Donut chirped.

"Gee, thanks, Sarge."

"Okay, now say something to Simmons," Donut instructed.

Grif thought for a bit. When he formed the proper words, he grinned and turned to the other man. "Simmons, I love-" Simmons blushed the color of his armor while the others were on the edge of their seats. "-fucking you."

There was stunned silence as the words settled in. then Simmons exploded.

"I thought we agreed to keep our relationship secret!"

"Well, that's the only nice thing I could think about you."

"You goddamn cockbite! And what do you mean, you love fucking me? It's the other way around."

Those two went back and forth arguing; Sage and Donut just watched.

"So that's why they always volunteer to go patrolling togetherâ€|"Sarge mumbled, too shocked to speak at a louder volume.

"They make a good couple," Donut commented. Sarge slowly turned towards the private.

"Do you know what type of babies they'll have!? They'll be as ugly as Grif and as smart as Simmons. The worlds as we know them are doomed!"

"Well, maybe the babies will also inherit Grif's laziness," Donut pointed out.

Sarge gave a sigh of relief. "We might just be saved."

"I can't wait until they have babies!" Donut beamed, imagining all the fun and joy that came from newborns.

By this point, Grif and Simmons had stopped fighting, perturbed, and slightly exasperated, at their teammates.

"Um, you do know two men can't have babies, right?" Simmons asked, somewhat afraid of what the answer would be.

"Of course!" Sarge huffed. "We all know Grif's almost as much of a woman as Donut."

"Seriously, it's light red."

"That's it," Grif announced, getting up. "I'm going on patrol."

"Uh, yeah. Me, too."

So they left Sarge in the base alone with Donut.

"You know, patrolling's code. They really mean make-up se-"

"I know, Donut!"

8. Big News on Holidays

****A/N: ****Just something cute, I suppose. I just started writing, not really knowing where it was going. And here it is, a holiday-ish RvB drabble. Enjoy.

> Edit: is not working right now, as is my luck. I'll post this up Saturday.
 Edit |Again: Okay, things have been hectic, and my computer's not working that well. I'll post this one now, and the rest later. Sorry guys.

> Genre: Humor/Romance, like the majority of these have been

> Pairings: Tucker/Caboose

> Rating: T

> Summary: Tucker and Caboose have some big news, though Tucker doesn't want to tell |Church is more surprised then he really should be while Tex just laughs.

> Warnings: Slash, of course. Some language, as expected with these guys.

Big News on Holidays is Heart Attack Material

"What are you thankful for, Tex?" asked Caboose. The freelancer looked at him.

"I have enough bullets to kill you, Church, Tucker, Doc-slash-O'Malley, Wyoming, and everyone on the Red team. And have extra ammunition left over |Maybe I'll shot Church twice. Or three times. Just for good measure."

"I'm thankful that Church is my bestest |est |friend ever," the man told her, unperturbed by her words. "Ooh! And that Tucker and me are-" he giggled before continuing. "Oops. That's a secret."

Tex rose her eyebrow, slightly curious what Caboose and Tucker were, exactly. "Caboose, what are you-" The Blue in question interrupted her before she could get her question fully out.

"Where's Church? Me and Tucker have an impar-tant anonciement to

make."

"I think I was him with Tucker a little while agoâ€|Caboose what's the announcement?"

"Tucker and Church are probably already with Sheila. Let's go." Caboose started to drag Tex, who was still wondering what Caboose and Tucker _were _(and wondering where the hell Caboose got his strength from).

* * *

>"Okay, Tucker, why the fuck did you drag me over here?" Church demanded.<p><p>

"Yes, I too would like to know why you have us here," agreed Sheila.

"It wasn't my idea," Tucker mumbled, finding a pebble awfully interesting. "It was Caboose'sâ€|"

"Wait, since when do you listen to Caboose? And when has he ever had an idea that wasn't stupid?"

"Since around two weeks ago," he replied inaudibly. Tucker was transfixed by the small stone.

"Two weeksâ€|? What the hell are you talking abo-"

Caboose chose that moment to walk up, making his presence known. "Hi! Everyone, Tucker and me have some important news!"

"This can't be goodâ€|Or it'll be really hilarious."

"Caboose, let go of me. Now."

"I really don't want to do this, Caboose."

Caboose released his hold on Tex and bound over to Tucker, who still intensely gazed at the tiny rock. He stood close to the aqua colored Spartan, who tore his eyes away from the hypnotizing nugget to look at the top of Caboose's helmet-covered head.

"Okay, guys, why did you gather us here?" Church asked, rolling his eyes upwards.

"Well, umâ€|" stammered Tucker, a blush on his dark face. He really didn't want to, but when Caboose took off his helmet, he did the same.

"We're boyfriends!" Caboose finally told them before leaning up and kissing Tucker. He returned the kiss readily, not shy in the least that others were watching, and wrapped his arm that didn't hold his helmet around Caboose.

"How cute," Sheila said, much like most would speak when seeing a kitten.

Church stood stock-still, mouth agape. Tex went over to him, chuckling lightly. She took notice of the shock on his face and said,

"Are you really that surprised?"

Without turning to her he replied, "Well, it wasn't that obvious."

"Says you. So, Church," she asked mockingly, "what are you thankful for?"

"That I'm already dead; I can't have a heart attack."

Tucker and Caboose were still kissing.

9. Give Thanks, Even if You're Screwed

****A/N:**** Not only is this random, it's late. Terribly late. I'm really sorry, everyone. But now it's up and everything's okay, and soon I'll have the rest put out. Oh, and a little note: this isn't compatible with episode 84.

> ****Genre: ****Humor

> ****Warnings: ****Language is the only thing I can think of. Oh, and I warn you, my Spanish isn't the best. Especially since I've never been taught how to ask someone to kill you in Spanish. Please, feel free to correct me.

> ****Rating: ****T

> ****Summary: ****It's Thanksgiving, and Tex has a surprise for Tucker. He doesn't appreciate the gesture.

> ****Pairings: ****Er, I actually don't think there are any pairings in here—Well, slight reference to Cruchbite/Tucker, but that's about it.

Give Thanks, Even if You're Screwed

It was Thanksgiving, and Red team and Blue team decided to celebrate together. Tex had come back from chasing after Wyoming-looking _very_ pleased-and was told about the current situation. She took it rather well (Tucker did seem like the type of irresponsible man to get knocked up with an alien's baby). Doc put his lessons with Baby Blarg on hold for the feast, and Sarge popped out of the grave (complaining that Grif and Simmons needed to learn how to properly bury someone). Donut was still missing in action and Caboose was even now having problems moving, however. Not to mention that O'Malley was still on the loose.

Several tables were set up outside with randomly cut cloth to serve as table linen. Plates, cups, and silverware (though they had all seen better days) were in front of each chair; there was a spot for everyone-even Donut, if he ever showed up.

Grif and Simmons were sitting next to each other, arguing over Simmons' new self-claimed position, Grif only stopping long enough to yell at his sister-who ignored him. The newly arrived girl was talking to Lopez's head, who kept asking for death in Spanish (and better quality oil). Doc was trying-and failing-to teach Baby Blarg how to properly use silverware while the alien kept trying to feed on Caboose. The Blue Spartan kept saying that soon he would be transforming, but no one listened to him. Sarge was wailing like a banshee, moaning about his untimely death. Sheila gleefully told Lopez how much she missed him and chatted with Andy, who kept pretending to explode, laughing at his own and antics and everyone's

reactions. Tex had gone off with Church to bring out the Turkey and side dishes, while Tucker just sat, doing nothing to help anyone else.

"Te odio todos. Por favor, m tame." (I hate you all. Please, kill me.)

"God damn it, Grif! I'm perfectly sane with power!"

"No, you've gone insane."

"I'm the leader and you're going to listen to me!"

"Good luck in that happening."

"Oh, if only I were still alive. Maybe then I could get you dirtbags to suck it up!"

"Oh, Lopez! I'm so glad you're back."

"Hola, me amor. Tirar una cavidad y descender mi en." (Hello, my love. Shoot a hole and drop me in.)

"Seriously, Doc, you can be the mother figure for the kid. I don't know what the fuck to do with him her it."

"Thank you, Tucker. Now, this is a knife. N-eye-f. Can you say knife?"

"Honk honk. Blarg!"

"That's very good!"

"Tucker! When I become an alien, can I be the second mommy?"

"Caboose, what the hell ? You know what, I don't care. Go ahead."

"Yeah, man. You really have gone mad with power."

"Shut up, Sister!"

"Happy Thanks-fuckin'-giving!"

Church brought out the turkey, a big thing that looked burnt and slightly disfigured. Tex was right behind him, carrying a heart-shaped cake with teal colored icing. She set it down in front of Tucker.

"Just for you," she said.

"Hey, thanks Tex. I knew you were thankful I was around." He took a good look at it. "Oh, fuck you."

On the cake in blue icing were the words CRUNCHBITE/TUCKER. The table burst out into laughter, all except for the teal clad soldier.

"Seriously, guys. Not. Funny."

"Blarg! Blarg honk honk!" the baby yelled out, holding his arms out as if he wanted to hug Tucker (or strangle him).

"Oh, fuckberriesâ€|"

10. Snowballs, Hot Chocolate, Box Canyons

****A/N: ****And finally I bring you the tenth drabble. I rather like this one. In fact, I'm proud of this one. Oh, and remember folks, all reviews are appreciated, even if they're only one word, or even just a smiley face (or grin, or whatever you want). And if anyone wishes to give me a pairing to write, feel free to.

> Genre: Pure humor

> Warnings: Language, as always, and, umâ€|Sarge's homicidal-ness towards Grif and Simmons.

> Rating: T

> Summary: Snow brings a lot of different things: snowballs, anger, yelling, the feeling of a perfectly executed plan, Sarge going homicidal, and hot chocolate. Oh, and don't forget the false hope.

> Pairings: None, not a single oneâ€|Well, mentions of Donut having an ex-boyfriend.

Snowballs, Hot Chocolate, Box Canyons:

> Oh, My <p>

Donut grinned, a mischievous glint in his eyes, as he scooped up a pile of snow. He packed it together flawlessly, keeping his sight on his target: Grif. Soon the unshaped snow was transformed into a snowball, the perfect ammunition for what Donut had in plan. Snowball in hand, he pulled his arm back and aimed carefully yet quickly. He let go of the snowball after flinging his arm forward and the snow bullet went flying. It hit Grif square in the head.

"Okay, goddamn it! Someone's gonna pay for that!"

Grif got up from where he had been sitting atop the Red base and looked around. Donut ducked behind his rock just in time, narrowly avoiding the orange Spartan's glare promising retribution. He let out a barely audible sigh of relief when Grif's eyes were directed towards the sound of Simmons.

"What the hell are you yelling about?"

"You!" Grif pointed accusingly towards his maroon teammate. "Son of a bitch!"

Grif picked up a clump of snow (despite the fact that Sarge had ordered him to get it all off the base over an hour ago) and half-assedly mashed it together; it formed a crude, albeit large, snowball. He threw it at Simmons, smacking him on the side of his head.

"Oh, you cockbite!" Simmons growled, preparing to retaliate by making his own-hard-snowball.

This was turning out even better than Donut had hoped for.

Simmons threw his snowball, striking Grif on his arm. He grinned at the other man's exclamation, "Shit!" Soon, both were furiously packing together snow and throwing them at each other. Donut stifled a giggle from behind the cover of his rock.

Almost fifteen minutes of this passed before Sarge walked in on the sight. He was understandably flabbergasted at his soldiers.

"What in the name of God is going on up he-"

A stray snowball flew at Sarge, striking his visor. Everything was still, everyone frozen in place. It was absolutely silent, everyone holding their breaths. Donut's laughter had died away instantly in his throat. Then, with a snarl, Sarge broke the threatening silence.

"Grif! Simmons!"

"Oh, son on a bitchâ€¦"

"Shit."

"This just keeps getting better and better."

As Sarge raised his shotgun, Donut decided it was time to get out of there. He snuck back into the base, knowing that Sarge really wouldn't _kill_ them, just ruff them up a bitâ€¦a lot. Horribly. Especially Grif.

Donut made his way to the kitchen, humming "Santa Baby." He was the scouring the cabinets for something warm to drink when he heard earsplitting yelling and cries of pain from outside. He just hummed louder.

"Ah-ha!" he exclaimed when he found what he was looking for: hot chocolate mix.

The pink Spartan, still humming the Christmas tune, set to work on making the drink. Soon, it was ready and Donut poured himself a mug. He blew on it, having taken off his helmet sometime ago, and took his first sip. The hot, chocolaty liquid filled his mouth; it was so good his eyes closed in savoring bliss. After splashing it around with his tongue for a bit, Donut swallowed. He let out a pleasurable moan as the silk-like liquid traveled down his throat. Licking his lips, he took another drink.

When Donut had finished three fourths of his cup, his solitude was invaded by a bored and slightly aggravated voice calling his name. He clenched his eyes shut as the owner of the voice started to shake him. Then, his eyes flew open and he was rewarded with the intense glare of the sun on the hottest day on record.

"You fell asleep on guard duty, again," Grif told him. Donut's eyebrow twitched.

Box. Canyons. Sucked. Harder than the pink Spartan with his old boyfriend.

****A/N:** ****I realize it is way before Christmas. This was inspired by the Hell my mother put me through by making me help decorate the house, not to mention bringing down the decorations. Twenty boxes and two bags, and we only used the bags and three boxes! Oh, and the nutcracker (shudders). Being hit in the nose with a nutcracker hurts. A lot. Damn waffle ironâ€¦ I have no Christmas spirit. Only the "shut up and give me presents" spirit.**
> Oh, and I love all the reviews, guys. Seriously, I do.
 ****Genre:**
****Humor with some slight Romance (and a dash of drama and stomach churning fright).**
> **Pairings:** **Simmons/Grif**
> **Rating:** **T**, I'd say. Then again, I'm a horrible judge.
> **Summary:** **Sarge makes Grif and Simmons put up Christmas decorations as a punishment. Neither is pleased. And the decorations are trying to kill them.**
> **Warnings:** **Language and evil decorations. Oh, and slash, I suppose, but if it wasn't obvious by now that I write slash, then what the hell are you doing here?**

Deck the Halls (With Anger and Blood)

"Christmas trees suck. I hate holidays," Grif whined. Simmons' eyebrow twitched. The orange Spartan had been complaining for the whole time they'd been decorating the base and Simmons was going mad. "Seriously, why do we have to do this?"

Simmons looked down at him from where he stood on a chair, hate engulfing his eyes. "We're doing this because you're a fucking dumbass!" he snapped. He went back to putting up the banner that read "MERRY CHRISTMAS." Simmons' Christmas spirit was still sleeping.

"Sheesh, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning," Grif mumbled, returning to his job of putting up the Christmas tree. It was harder than it looked.

After a minute more of struggling, Grif tripped over the base of the tree and it all came crashing down. Simmons glanced down at the heap on the floor consisting of his teammate and failed attempts at putting up the Christmas tree.

"You okay, Grif?"

"â€¦Sonâ€¦ofâ€¦aâ€¦bitch," he panted heavily in reply.

"Don't break anything," Simmons warned him, "or Sarge will kick our asses." He went back to fixing the banner (it was difficult with only one person), ignoring Grif's muffled insults.

Grif picked himself up and set back to his task as Simmons finished with the tedious banner. He hopped down from the chair and looked at Grif's-minimal-progress.

"Need help with that tree?" he taunted. Grif growled in response, bending a branch in half.

"Oh, fuckerâ€¦"

With a derisive laugh, Simmons told Grif he was going to go get the ornaments and rest of the decorations. As he left, he heard Grif snarl, "Great." Simmons agreed with that whole-heartedly.

Simmons walked to the storage closet, opened the heavy door, and stepped inside. After turning on the light he looked around at the boxes piled on top of each other. Muttering a curse under his breath, he started going through the boxes to see which held Christmas paraphernalia. His Christmas spirit had the covers over its head and refused to come out, or open its eyes.

He deciphered which boxes were Christmas orientated and which weren't; there were about ten that he'd have to haul into the other room. Simmons stacked two boxes together and picked them up. They were extremely heavy, so he decided he'd get Grif's lazy (and incompetent) ass to help him with the rest.

When Simmons arrived back to where Grif was, the orange Spartan still hadn't finished spreading out the branches, but at least the tree was up and his armor was all off. Grif was in nothing but a pair of jeans and a wife beater sticky with his sweat.

"What the hell are you wearing?" Simmons asked unbelievably, a blush on his face.

"It was fuckin' hot and really fuckin' hard to put up a fuckin' tree with fuckin' armor on," Grif explained none-too-pleasantly, glaring at the Pine in front of him.

Simmons didn't say anything to that and just tore his eyes away from the other man. He set his boxes down and went over to help Grif with the branches. After a few minutes that passed in relative silence they had gotten the tree as good as it would get-which wasn't that good.

"Okay, now help me bring out the other boxes," Simmons requested. Grif's reaction was a disbelieving and horrified look in his eyes and an open mouth.

"There's more?" He whispered the word as if it was the Devil's call.

"Yeah, there is."

"I'm gonna fucking kill myself." Simmons was thinking the same. His Christmas spirit was growling threateningly.

They went to the closet. There they took several boxes apiece, then came back for the last load.

"Seriously, how many decorations are there?" Grif asked, setting his boxes down with the rest.

Doing the same Simmons replied, "Too damn many."

The two soldiers opened all ten boxes and sorted them into three different piles: tinsel, mistletoe, wreaths, and stockings bullshit; disturbing and hideous ornaments; and random figurines they were actually expected to do something with. There was one nutcracker that towered over the others at 49 centimeters.

"Okay, let's start with the ornaments, then the stockings and stuff, and then we'll find something to do with the figurines," Simmons said, taking charge.

"When Christmas is over, I'm gonna burn that tree," Grif said.

"I'll make a blowtorch," the maroon Spartan offered.

The two men brought the ornaments over to the tree and started putting them up. There were ornaments of every variety from plastic red apples and hearts to balls decorated as Santa Claus to brown bears dressed in red and white overalls to gray squirrels hugging jars full of nuts and other assortments.

"Where the hell did these come from?" Grif asked astonished, and exasperated.

"I think we've found our personal Hells," Simmons grumbled.

"I always knew we'd see each other in Hell," Grif commented, more to himself than to Simmons as he grabbed a glistening red glass ball and placed it on the Christmas tree. When he reached down for another tacky ornament, the ball fell off the branch and shattered upon impact with the floor. "Damn!"

"Nothing had better of broken!" came Sarge's yell/warning/threat from the other room.

"Don't worry, Sir," Simmons assured quickly. "That was just the sound of Grif's dignity breaking."

"He had any left? Should have gotten it on tape."

"I'm really going to fucking kill you, Simmons," Grif promised, glaring at the smirk he knew donned the other man's covered face.

"Would you rather Sarge came in here and-"

"Take off your helmet."

"What?"

"I said, 'take off your helmet.'"

"Why?"

"First of all, it's easier to do this stuff without armor-"

"I'm not taking off my armor!" was the indignant interruption.

"And secondâ€¦I don't need another reason, just take off your damn armor," Grif ordered.

"No!" he protested.

"Fine, you damn baby, I'll take it off you myself."

"What? Hell no!"

Grif, ignoring Simmons, lunged at him. With a tiny shriek, Simmons moved out of the way, just narrowly avoiding the other soldier. Grif made a grab for the maroon clad Spartan, but he only ran towards the pile of figurines.

The orange Spartan stumbled and accidentally pushed him, making Simmons fall down, his arm knocking over all the figurines. Simmons managed to clamber back up as Grif regained his footing and he started running to the other side of the room, Grif hot on his heels. He tackled Simmons and they got into a struggle, Grif trying to take off his helmet.

"Goddamn it, stop you cockbite. Grif!"

Sarge, hearing all the commotion, walked into the room saying, "What in Sam Hell is going on in here?" Just as his sentence was finished, Grif successfully took off Simmons' helmet. Sarge looked at the site in front of him. It didn't look good: Simmons on his stomach with Grif straddling his hips. "What are you two doing?"

"Um... Taking Simmons' armor off, sir..." Grif replied weakly. Sarge turned around and left the room without saying another word. Simmons' Christmas spirit's heart tried to stop itself.

When a minute-a very long minute-passed, Simmons finally told Grif, "Get the fuck off me, cockbite." He readily obeyed.

They both stood up and Simmons dusted himself off, trying to get the last few minutes to stop playing over and over again in his mind. He was about to ask for his helmet back when he noticed that Grif had a strange look on his face. He turned his head to where the other man was looking and he saw an odd, and frightening, sight: all the nutcracker figurines were upright again.

"How the hell...?" Grif said, voice barely above a whisper.

"Maybe Sarge fixed them..." Simmons suggested feebly, not believing it himself. The biggest nutcracker seemed to stare at them knowingly.

"L-let's put up the rest of the ornaments."

"Yeah..."

That's just what they did. Soon, the nutcracker and other little figurines were forgotten. They put up all the remaining ornaments, even the little red flat at the top in place of an angel or star.

"There, done with that," Simmons said, wiping his forehead with the back of his still-armored hand.

"...Goddamn I hate the military," Grif announced zealously. Simmons nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, now let's put up our stockings and the tinsel."

"Do we have to put up the mistletoe? What would be the point? I mean, it's not like any of us here want to kiss each other..."

"Right, I'll go ask Sarge," Simmons replied. "Hey, Sarge?"

"What?" his ill-natured voice wafted in from the other room.

"Do you want us to put up the-" Simmons started, but never got the chance to finish.

"I said to put up everything. What does everything mean, Simmons?"

With a sigh he answered, "Everything means all that pertains to Christmas, Sir."

"Exactly."

Simmons turned to Grif and the brown haired man said, "I guess that means yes."

"Yup."

With that they went to the pile of stockings laying unceremoniously on the floor. They rummaged around until they found the three they were looking for.

"Here's Sarge's red stocking and my maroon one," Simmons said.

"And here's my orange one." Grif handed his to Simmons, then picked up another stocking, this one pink.

"Why's there a pink stocking? Who would use this?" Grif asked. Simmons shrugged and set to tacking the stockings up-first Sarge's large red one, then Simmons' medium-sized one, and finally Grif's small orange stocking-as the brunet put up the wreath.

"There, done with that. Jot to the world." Little cheer was in his voice.

"Yeah, Happy tidings." No trace of sincere happiness could be detected in his voice. "Now let's get this fucking tinsel up." His Christmas spirit was suffocating.

The two men got to work on putting up the tinsel all over the room and even in the tree. It just made the holiday-and the room-gaudier (not to mention brighter, thus making it unbearable). Simmons, standing on a chair trying to put up the last of the tinsel perfectly, called Grif over.

"Hold the chair steady, will you?"

"You try too hard," Grif told him. Regardless, he steadied the chair.

"You don't try hard enough," Simmons replied.

"Perfectionist," Grif mumbled under his breath.

"Lazy-ass," Simmons snapped back.

"Kiss-ass."

"Dumbass. Fuck, this is hard to do!"

"Then take off your armor. It's not that damn difficult, Simmons."

"I'm not going to take off my armor, Grif!" was his irked reply.

"We'll see about that."

With those words, Grif grabbed Simmons' ankle and pulled, making the maroon soldier fall on top of him with an "omph." They struggled on the floor for a bit before Simmons held still and told Grif to stop and listen.

"What?" asked the confused man, his arms around Simmons' waist, the other man practically in his lap.

"Be quiet," he whispered. Grif did as said and soon a beeping could be heard.

"What the hell? Is-"

"Holy fuck!"

"-that thing _moving_?"

Sure enough, the beeping was coming from the biggest nutcracker. The biggest nutcracker that was moving towards the two with evil red glowing eyes.

"Oh, my god."

"Nice knowing you, Simmons."

"We should shoot it," Simmons instructed.

"With what? Sarge took our guns for 'improper usage,'" Grif reminded him.

"Right. Shit."

"We're screwed."

The beeping nutcracker advanced on the two men and they tried to scramble back. Tried and didn't because: A) they hit the wall and B) it is very hard for two men to move when one is in the other's lap-and his hands are wrapped around his waist.

The nutcracker, with wooden arms outstretched, kept coming towards them, malicious intent written in its eyes. Simmons started yelling, or maybe Grif did, triggering the screams of the other soldier. In any case, there was plenty of loud screaming, and Sarge heard it.

"If there is anything weird going on in here I'll-" Grif and Simmons barely heard their sergeant's cut off sentence.

Suddenly, there was a gun shot and the nutcracker stilled. The cries

died in their throats and they stared at the hole in the nutcracker's smoldering head, panting and trying to regain their breath. Slowly, their eyes moved away from the smoking head to Sarge, who hadn't yet put away his gun. In fact, it seemed to be aimed at Grif and Simmons.

"It had a battery in it," the gruff voice of Sarge explained to them.

"Ohâ€¦Uhâ€¦"

"Th-" Simmons cleared his throat before continuing. "Thanks, Sir.

"So, are you going to sit in Grif's lap all day, Son?"

"What? Oh, umâ€¦" Simmons tried getting up before realizing Grif's arms were still wrapped around him, tightly. The other man, also noticing this, quickly let go of him and they both stood up awkwardly.

"Um, Sir? Could you not point your gun at us?"

"Yeah, that looks real threateningâ€¦" Slowly, almost reluctantly, Sarge complied and lowered his weapon.

"Get back to work." With that, Sarge turned and left the room. Though not before yelling out, "Don't forget the mistletoe! Not that you two need any more excusesâ€¦"

"Damn nutcracker. Battery operated piece of- Wait! What did he just say?" Grif cried.

Simmons didn't know if his Christmas spirit had been murdered or committed suicide. Either way, it was dead.

12. There's a Reason for Everything

****A/N: ****Wow, eleven was long. Here is twelve for you guys. I'm loving your reviews.

> Genre: Humor/Romance

> Pairings: Grif/Tucker

> Rating: T

> Summary: Grif tells Donut the story of why Sarge really, _really_ hates him. It's a short tale of lust and boredom. Both teams have been out there a long timeâ€¦

> Warnings: The usual; slash and language. Oh, and mentions of sex.

There's a Reason for Everything

> (â€¦Sometimesâ€¦Maybeâ€¦)<p>

"So," Donut asked out of the blue one morning at breakfast (though only he and Grif were in the room), "why does Sarge hate you so much, Grif? The Older man sighed, not taking his eyes off his oatmeal.

"Actually, Donut, I don't know. I really don't knowâ€¦"

"Are you sure? I mean, you have to have _some _idea why."

"Well..." Grif began but trailed off.

"What?" Donut asked, eager for the answer.

"He didn't like me at first because I hate the military, refuse to do a lot of work, and I really just don't give a damn." None of this was news to Donut. "Then, let's just say he caught me doing something he didn't like. That's when he really started hating me."

"Come on, I want to hear this," Donut begged, leaning towards the soon-to-be storyteller.

"We were in the middle of a battle with the Blues when all of a sudden these two monsters come out of nowhere and start chasing us. Everyone scattered, because why the hell would _we _fight them?"

"Uh-huh."

"One of the monsters was chasing me, because God really hates me for some reason, and I ran into one of the caves. The monster couldn't fit through the opening so it just gave up after a while and left. Before it did, it knocked down a lot of rocks and blocked off the only exit.

"Next to me I heard someone exclaim 'holy fuckberries!' I turned on my night scope and aimed it at the guy. It was one of the Blues."

"Yeah? Which one?" Donut asked, interested.

"The teal one, Tucker. But I didn't know his name yet."

"Didn't you ask it?"

"Tch. Yeah, right. Anyway, I suddenly got this call from Simmons on the radio and he told me that the monsters hadâ€¦"

"Had what?"

"You know, I don't know what the fuck he said. He wasn't speaking English. Not Simple English anyway. Either way, we were stuck in that cave for what was going to be a long time."

"Mm-hm. And?" Donut urged.

"I told Tucker that we'd be there for a while. We got really bored and started talking."

"About what?" Donut inquired curiously.

"That's not important," Grif told him.

"Aw, but I want _all_ the details," the pink soldier whined.

"I don't fucking remember, Donut! It's been over three years; why the hell would I?"

"Because it was interesting and you liked himâ€|?" Donut suggested weakly.

"Oh, my god! Donut, shut up or I won't tell the rest of the story!" Grif threatened.

"Sorry."

"Okay. So, after a while we got bored, and somehow our armor came off."

"Somehow? Wouldn't you _know _how your armor came off?" Donut interrupted.

"Donut, one more time and I'll fucking kill you, _without _telling you the rest of the story."

"I'll be quiet," he promised, mimicking locking his lips with a zipper.

"Good. Then," Grif continued, "somehow we started making out. I don't know how."

"Mm-hm," Donut nodded. "That happens to me a lot."

"â€|I'm just going to ignore thatâ€| Anyway, after like several minutes of that, our clothes were ripped off-"

"By magic?" Donut snickered.

"Don't try me," Grif warned. "So then I pushed him up against the cave wall and we began to fuck."

"Are you sure _you _did _him?" Grif growled and he gulped.

"Right as we were about to come, the boulder shifted and bit and Sarge popped his head in. Then he went straight back out."

"Ooh. Now it makes a lot of sense why he hates you. I mean, you slept with a _Blue_."

"Donut, I know for a fact that you have a hand _and _blow job to Church. Not to mention your little crush on Caboose."

"Well, that's when we were working together. Besides, he was really stressed."

"Whatever. I'm done with my story. You'd better not bother me for the rest of the day, Donut."

"Fine. I'm gonna go talk to Simmons. Maybe he has a good crock-pot recipe."

"Yeah, good luck with that."

Donut got up and left the kitchen and Grif went back to his now-cold breakfast. Damn he hated morningsâ€|

"Grif! We're under attack! I need my human shield!"

He _really _hated mornings.

13. Things youâ€™re not Allowed to do

****A/N: **Don't worry; I've got more on the way. A few of them are AU!**

> Genre: Humor
> Pairings: allusions to Grif/Simmons
> Rating: T
> Summary: There's a list of forbidden things and Donut wonders about a few of themâ€|Grif and Simmons truly don't want to explain things to him.
> Warnings: Allusions of slash and naughty things

Things you're not Allowed to do (at Red Base)

Sarge tacked up the modified list with the title: THINGS NOT ALLOWED." He looked at his small assortment of soldiers and addressed them.

"Congratulations, maggots, you added _another _thing to the list-

"Technically, Sarge, _you _added it. We-" Simmons glared at Grif. "Okay, Donut and I did it. They way you put it up, though, only I did it."

"Simmons!" Sarge barked, sending a wave of hate towards the orange Spartan. "I want you to shoot Grif in the face the next time he falls asleep."

"Yes, Sir!"

"For the record, I don't need that much sleep."

"What are you talking about? You're sleeping all the time," Simmons said.

"Needing is different from wanting," Grif examined.

"Lazy-ass."

"Kiss-ass."

Sarge shook his head and walked off, really not wanting to deal with his men right then. Donut, who had been silently looking at the-impressive-list the whole time, read out loud the latest bullet.

"'No one may encourage Donut to give Simmons a lap dance to cheer him up, even if he needs it.'"

"It was worth it, even if I have to do extra work," Grif said, laughter on the edges of his voice. "Next time, I'll just make sure Sarge isn't in the room."

"Why the hell'd you make Donut give _me _a lap dance?" Simmons

asked.

"Who else would he have made me do it to, Sarge?" Donut rolled his eyes, then went back to reading the list.

"Besides, you needed cheering up."

"Why did you have Donut do it?" Grif raised an eyebrow.

"What are you saying, Simmons? That you want me to give you a lap dance?"

"What! No! I mean--"

They were interrupted by Donut saying, "Wow. There sure are some strange things on this list." The other two men turned to their pink clad friend.

"Yeah. We've had plenty of time to doâ€¦things."

"It seems like it. 'Grif seducing someone from Blue base is not only prohibited, but disturbing.'" Donut turned to the orange Spartan curiously.

"Yeah, like I said, we've had too much time."

Donut read the next bullet. "'No double daring Grif to seduce anyone from Blue Base.'"

"That was an interesting day," Simmons said.

"I almost had him, too."

"No you didn't."

"Yeah I did!" Grif argued. "He was so checking out my ass!"

"Whatever. You know," Simmons pointed out mischievously, "it doesn't say we can't double dare Donut to seduce a Blue."

"Hey, yeah. Which one should he try to seduce? The horny one, the dead one, or the dumb one? Or the freelancer?"

"Tex! We don't want Donut _dead_. How about the dumb one?"

"Sounds good to me. Donut." Grif and Simmons turned their attention back to the pink armored soldier.

"Guys, what's this one? 'Ice Cubes are never allowed again. Ever.' What were you two _doing?_" Donut questioned. There was an awkward silence, Grif and Simmons shifting uncomfortably.

"Yeah, we've been here for over three yearsâ€¦" Simmons started weakly.

"Three _long_ yearsâ€¦" feebly added.

"Come on, guys. You can tell me," Donut gently urged.

After a while Simmons told him, "It was the hottest day yet and in the little freezer there were ice cubes!"

"It was Sarge's own fault for walking in without knocking first," Grif stubbornly muttered.

"What were you doing with those ice cubes?" Donut asked incredulously, desperate to get the story out of them.

"It was really hot!"

"The ice cubes were just sitting there!"

Donut could sense the hidden blushes on his teammates' faces.

"Listen, Donut, you know me and Simmons share a room. Temptations are hard to resist, and they were in the form of ice cubes that day, okay? You don't need to know any more," Grif told the pink soldier, his tone leaving no room for argument. It didn't matter; Donut could just guess.

14. First Encounters with Interesting Result

A/N: I love this piece. I worked insanely hard on this, though you probably can't tell that well. I honestly don't know a lick about cheerleading. Ah, well. Hope you still enjoy it. And I was wondering if you all could review and tell me whether or not I should make this into an actual story. I've got quite a few ideas ready if I do make this into an actual, chaptered fic.

Genre: Some humor mixed in with teenage romance, and a hint of drama.

Pairings: one-sided Caboose/Sheila, and slight Grif/Simmons, Donut/Caboose.

Rating: T

Summary: AU. Donut's a cheerleader for the Red Warthogs, who are playing against their rival team, The Blue Tanks. Life's not easy when you're a teen. And it can get slightly tedious when you really want to stick your tongue down the enemy's throat.

Warnings: Slash, cheerleading, football, and Grif paying more attention to Simmons' ass than the ball.

First Encounters with Interesting Results

It was the biggest game of the year: the Red Warthogs versus the Blue Tanks. They were rival schools in all sports, and today was the final football game between them. It was known as the "Red versus Blue war" by student, parent, and faculty alike.

"I hope we do our Pyramid right today," Donut commented, adjusting his pink and white pom-poms. Franklin Delano Donut, known as Donut by his friends, was the head cheerleader for the Reds, as the team was known as.

"Don't worry, Donut, we'll do fine. Oh, my god. You're not wearing pink instead of red again, are you?" Ashley a bubbly sixteen-year-old brunette and one of Donut's close friends, asked,

"It's not pink, Ashley! It's light red. Very light red," Donut defended, crossing his arms. The girl rolled her eyes, used to her friend's denial.

"Sure, whatever."

Donut smoothed out his skirt, which was indeed white and pink as opposed to everyone else's red and white uniforms, when suddenly all the girls were screaming and yelling. He looked up to see his cousin, Dexter Grif, being hit with random things by the other cheerleaders.

"Ladies, ladies. There's plenty of me to go around. I love you all, too" the intruder joked dryly, ducking behind his smaller cousin. "Okay, Donut, call them off." The pink clad cheerleader rolled his eyes as the others went back to what they were doing before the intruder entered, taking minimal time to shoot him hateful glares.

"Grif, this is the girls' locker room; you know guys aren't allowed."

"Yet you're in here," he pointed out.

"Well, duh. It's okay if I'm here; I'm gay," Donut replied. And it was true; Donut was one of the -only- gay students at the school.

"Yeah, well I'm bi."

"So? You still like girls."

"None of these girls, if you can call them that," Grif mumbled. "Besides I have a boyfriend who fulfills all my needs."

"Anyway, why are you here?" Donut asked, tying up his dirty blonde hair with a pink scrunchy.

"I'm hiding from Sarge," Grif replied, referring to his football coach and his boyfriend's adoptive father.

"What did you do? Or should I ask who?"

"I didn't do anything! He just hates me!" Grif defended himself.

Donut grinned and said, "The game's gonna start soon. Go get ready." Grif, grumbling, did as told, hoping his lover's father wouldn't kill him.

(There's a new setting here.)

"Red's the best! Blue sucks! They couldn't beat us even if we didn't give a fu-" The chant was interrupted by Sarge.

"Girls!"

Secretly he winked at them, loving the cheer. He'd rather all of them didn't get banned from the game for profanity, though.

"Look alive, men!" Sarge yelled to the team. "Grif! Watch the ball, not Simmons' ass!"

All the cheerleaders giggled as they sat down, tired from their excessive and passionate cheering. The game was tied 32 to 32, with a minute until halftime. Things were getting intense, the crowd was getting louder, and the girls were getting gossipy.

"My god, those Blues have some bad players," Ashley commented. Donut nodded in agreement.

"Their two new players are really good, though."

"Yeah. Can you believe -1's strength? Or his number? It's amazing! And 00 is a girl! Can you believe it?"

"She's really good. Her name's Allison, right?"

"Yeah, I think so, but everyone calls her Tex. That's where she came from, Texas." It was times like this Donut was glad he paid attention to his friend who knew everything about the Blues: Frank "Doc" DuFresne.

"Mm. What's the new guy's name? -1's?" Donut asked.

"Something Caboose, I think. I heard he's kinda cute."

"Mm."

Just then the whistle blew, signaling halftime. As the players went to the benches, Grif and Simmons flirting while trying to avoid Sarge's glare, the girls and Donut went out onto the field for their big show.

Flawlessly they executed their cheers and movements, even the Pyramid, the one they'd been having the most trouble on. Donut grinned along with the others as the crowd (On the Red side, anyways) clapped and hooted. Donut could feel the glares of the Blue cheerleaders.

They moved off the field and the Red Drill Team came on. Donut waved to Grif's sister, mouthing "good luck." She waved back, thanking him wordlessly. They didn't do too badly themselves; a few freshmen were a beat slow, but it wasn't that noticeable.

Then the Blue cheerleaders stormed the field. It was their turn they planned to wow the masses. Which they did, of course. They were spectacular. Donut blamed it on their head cheerleader: Sheila Cannon. In her slightly different uniform (a gray-blue tank top with a black skirt instead of the blue and white uniforms of the others) and her perfect bouncing figure, not to mention her enthusiasm and original cheers (Blue Rocks! Red Blows! Their lack of talent really shows!), it was easy to see how good she was. Donut had been jealous of her since day one.

The Blue cheerleaders left the field, looking too smug for their own good, and on came their Drill Team. Donut, not wanting to watch, got up and started walking off.

"Where are you going?" Ashley called out. Donut just shrugged in reply, not turning around.

Ten minutes later Donut found himself in the back of the school. It was the Blue school, and Donut hoped he'd be able to find his way back. Donut looked around curiously and spotted the hunched figure of a Blue football player. He quietly went over the other boy and read the number on the back of his uniform: -1.

"What's the matter?" Donut asked, his voice soft, as he knelt down next to the Blue.

The football player looked up and blinked dumbly at Donut. The cheerleader noticed that the quarterback's eyes were slightly red.

"Sheila doesn't love me," the Blue replied, biting his bottom lip to keep it from trembling.

"There, there," Donut comforted, patting the heartbroken teen's back gently.

After a minute of the Blue sniffing and Donut rubbing up and down his back soothingly, -1 said, "I'm Michael, but everyone calls me Caboose. What's your name?"

"I'm Franklin, but you can call me Donut," the pink cheerleader replied. "Hello, Caboose." Donut smiled at him, and Caboose returned it.

"I like donuts," Caboose told him. They both shared a short-lived laugh, as a voice called out, breaking their moment.

"Hey, Caboose! Halftime's over. You're needed. And Tex made me come find you because apparently I'm the worst player."

Donut and Caboose both turned towards the intruder. He held a sky blue helmet carelessly in one hand, the other he ran through his brunet hair. His uniform read 13.

"Hello, Church!" Caboose greeted cheerfully.

"Yeah, yeah. Let's go," Church sighed.

Caboose rose, bringing Donut up with him. He turned towards the cheerleader and planted a chaste kiss on his cheek.

"See you later, Muffins."

Caboose walked past his teammate, oblivious to Donut's blush (both from the kiss and the odd-but likable-nickname). Church started to follow, but then turned back towards Donut.

"Thanks, Pinkie," he said, and then went to catch up with Caboose.

"It's not pink! It's light red!" Donut yelled after him. "And you're welcome," he whispered, delicately touching the spot where Caboose had kissed him.

15. How to Properly Wrap Presents

****A/N:** ****A**(nother) Christmas special for you all, three days after the fact. Hey, I was really sick and couldn't muster the strength to type all this out. Happy bloody secular holidays, everyone, and enjoy.

> ****Genre: ****Humor/Romance/Crack

> ****Pairings: ****One-sided Church/Donut, Tucker/Donut, Grif/Donut, and Simmons/Donut; and Caboose/Donut, with slight G/S, Ch/T at the end.

> ****Rating: ****I'd say T

> ****Summary: ****The guys can't wrap, especially when they're fighting. Seriously. Oh, and it's the season for breaking hearts and hopes, and making four already bitter soldiers even more so.

> ****Warnings: ****Language, I was more than slightly delusional as I wrote this, so sorry if it isn't that good. Oh, and this has Tex in it, but no mentions of Grif's sister, who I refer to in my mind as Kerry, or Tucker's kid. Or Sheila and Andy, for that matter.

How to Properly Wrap Presents

"Hand me the tape," Church ordered.

"Fuck you, man. I'm using it," Tucker replied.

"Tucker, you've already used plenty of tape," Church told him, eyeing the badly wrapped gift that was indeed tapped in abundance.

"No I haven't fucktard. You're just jealous 'cause I'm better at wrapping _and_ _picking out presents than you are."

"Ha. Good one. Now seriously, give me the damn tape." Church reached over to take the tape dispenser, one hand keeping the wrapping paper in place, but Tucker snatched it away before he could grasp it. He held it just out of Church's reach, his tongue stuck out mockingly. Church growled.

"You're not getting it, bitch," Tucker taunted the older man.

"Goddamned sonovabitch," he mumbled, quickly glancing at his present from the corner of his eye. Letting go of the wrapping paper, he lunged at Tucker viciously.

Tucker and Church fell into a heap on the floor. The tape dispenser they fought for went unnoticed as it was flung to where Caboose sat on the floor, attempting to wrap his own gift. As Church throttle the other man and Tucker scratched and clawed, Caboose innocently, naively hummed a vaguely Christmas sounding tune to himself. His tongue was halfway out of his mouth as he concentrated on his wrapping. Without taking his hazel eyes off the gift, his hand reached out and grasped the fallen tape dispenser. He ripped off a long piece of tape and placed it haphazardly on the gift. He did this again and again and again, while the other two still fought like ornery children. When the dispenser finally ran out of tape, Caboose smiled cheerfully at his gift. He tried to take his hand off it only to find he couldn't; Caboose had accidentally taped his hand to the

present.

"Oops," he said, giggling good-naturedly. Tucker and Church ceased fighting to glare at the younger soldier. They cursed differently, though simultaneously.

"Sonovabitch."

"Fuckberries."

* * *

>Donut was in the kitchen singing Christmas carols and baking cookies for the party they were all going to in a few hours. As he did that, Grif and Simmons were wrapping their final (and in Grif's case, only) presents in the other room. The room was filled with strained, uneasy silence, as if the occupants were wary of the other. They eyed each other carefully, as if watching an opponent.<p><p>

"So, Grif, who'd you get that _one _gift for?" Simmons asked out of the blue, skilled hands deftly folding over a bit of wrapping paper.

"The same person you got that stupid gift for," Grif replied, applying a strand of tape to his package.

"Donut likes to cook," Simmons growled. "Aprons and matching oven mitts are not stupid, they're practical. Your present is inordinately dumb and useless, though."

"What? Donut loves cats and coloring, so I just combined them. Plus, a giant box of crayons will keep him busy and happier than cooking," Grif explained smugly.

Simmons, in a bout of anger and jealousy, grabbed a pre-made bow, peeled off the backing, and stuck it in Grif's hair. He grinned as the other man stared horrified at him. Snapping out of it, Grif grabbed a loose, long strand of twine and tackled Simmons, catching the cyborg off guard. Laughing triumphantly, he tied it into the struggling man's raven hair, giving him a ponytail.

"Oh, you cockbite."

"Take that," smirked Grif in response.

Simmons pushed Grif off of him, then straddled his waist. He put his hands around Grif's neck, and the other man did the same to his. Both squeezed as hard as they could. In the struggle, one of them managed to kick the table hard, causing both presents to fall on their heads. The commotion caused Donut to walk in, curious to what the noise was all about.

"What're you guysâ€|? Sarge!" Donut yelled. "Simmons and Grif are trying to kill each other, again." With a grunt, Sarge walked in on the scene casually-almost uninterestedly-as if he'd done it an excruciating amount of times before.

"Maggots, one more time and I swear to god I'll give you both whiplash with my shotgun."

Hearing Sarge's threat, and not doubting that he'd find a way to do it, the two stopped their antics and shamefully got to their feet. After Sarge left the room, Donut looked at the older two, giggling pleasantly.

"What were you guys fighting over this time?" he asked.

"N-nothing," they replied in unison, trying their damned hardest not to blush. They both failed miserably. Donut shook his head and went back into the kitchen. Soon afterwards, Simmons and Grif picked up their respective gift and went back to wrapping.

"I blame you."

"You goddamned cockbite."

* * *

>Without looking, Church reached for a bow. Instead, his fingers grazed Tucker's. The two instantly shifted their angry gazes first to their hands, then to each other. Wordlessly, they started battle for the bow (ignoring the fact that there were similar bows everywhere).<p><p>

Church grabbed a roll of ribbon and unraveled a sizable amount. Tucker grabbed another roll and did the same. With a brief glare to begin the showdown, they lunged at each other. They struggled, getting tangled up in the ribbon.

"You sonuvabitch, your present isn't good enough for him," Church grunted, trying to wrap ribbon around Tucker's arms.

"Fucktard. You're the one who got him the shitty gift!" Tucker retorted, kicking the other man in the shin.

"Goddamnit!" was the quick and surly exclamation.

As the two men struggled uselessly on the floor, getting more and more knotted up until barely either could move, Caboose kept on humming. The tune was unbearably upbeat, hopeful, jovial. Caboose cross-legged, attempting to tie a bow for his gift. Suffice to say, the task was proving too difficult for the young soldier. A few minutes passed like that before Caboose jumped up, obviously pleased with himself. Fighting momentarily ceased as Tucker and Church stared, flabbergasted, at the younger man's present (it was glossed in tape, bulky and jutted out at random points, and overall seemed as if a three-year-old with arthritis had wrapped it). Then they resumed their previous actions of inane fighting. Caboose was too busy beaming congratulations to himself to notice.

"Hey guys, the Reds are here for the party," Tex announced, walking into the room followed by, indeed, the newly arrived Red team.

The room and all its occupants were stock-still, Tucker and Church looking up, horror-stricken at the others. Then, the Reds and Tex burst into Homeric laughter as Caboose, noticing everyone for the first time, simply waved at Donut, who readily returned the greeting with a smile and wave of his own.

"What the hell is this?" laughed Grif. "XXX-mas bondage?" His words

brought on a new wave of rambunctious laughter. The two Blues gave them all (except Donut, though they wouldn't admit it) the middle finger.

"Can we just start the damn Christmas dinner?" Tucker asked, him and Church struggling to undo their bonds.

"Sure. That is, if you boys are done having _fun_ and can pull yourselves apart," Tex taunted.

Dinner went over relatively smoothly; Grif, Simmons, Tucker, and Church having a four-way glaring contest, Caboose and Donut talking and enjoying the other's company, oblivious to the four boys, and Tex and Sarge snickering knowingly at it all. Once the dinner was done and dessert had been taken care of (with plenty of vigorous "This is delicious, Donut!" "Scrumptious!" "That's not a word." "Yes it is!" "Great!" "Awesome!" "Yummy!"), Donut declared it was present time.

Caboose, Grif, and the rest jumped up and eagerly agreed. Glaring at each other, (save for the clueless Caboose) they scrambled to bring out their respective present. As they did so-with Sarge and Tex watching amusedly-a few shoulders bumped into others and soon the four boys were on the ground fighting: Grif versus Simmons and Church versus Tucker.

Suddenly, Donut squealed with delight. "Oh, you're so sweet, Michael!"

The outburst startled the warring quartet, causing them to look up. They regretted it instantly. Caboose had given Donut his poorly wrapped gift and they wereâ€|wereâ€|were _embracing. _Donut noticed they were under conveniently placed mistletoe and he voiced his discovery. Slowly, their lips met, almost shyly. It was like a cheesy romance movie. Sickening.

Stunned, they stopped fighting entirely and got up off of each other, though they staid kneeled, on the ground. Glancing at who they had declared rivals just moments before, they all reached out and took hold of their fallen gifts. Grif handed his to Simmons who in turn held out his to Grif as Tucker and Church exchanged theirs with each other as well.

"Happy fuckin' holidays, Simmons."

"Seasons goddamned greetings, Grif."

"Merry fuckin' x-mas, Church."

"Yeah, and _another _happy new year, Tucker."

16. Children are Naturally Unreasonable

****A/N:** ******So here I am with another one. Yup. It's been a bit, but I'm back. I hope you guys enjoy this one.

****Genre:**** Basically, just humor

****Pairings:** ******None

****Rating:** ****PG-ish** Well, PG-13, I think, for slight language purposes.

****Summary:** ****AU-ish.** The first day of kindergarten really sucks. However, you do make new friends (in the loosest way possible). And little Tucker doesn't even get a toy sniper rifle.

>Warnings: ****Cursing children. It's slight, though. A word or two.

Children are Naturally Unreasonable

"I don't want to go," little five-year-old Leonard Church stubbornly told his mother, small arms crossed over his chest. The thirty-some (or so she told everyone) woman sighed and crouched down so she was eye level with her-thankfully-only child.

"Baby, I told you, you have to go to school to get an education." _And give me a few hours of rest, _she silently added.

"Fine," he rumbled, averting his eyes from the women's face. His mother sighed again and stood straight. She grabbed the pouting child's hand and practically dragged him inside the room.

The room held at least twenty children, all at play-most by running around wildly and screaming at the top of their little lungs, and two male adults. Church's mother went over the men and the boy went over to a trunk of play guns. A little boy his own age, dressed in a teal shirt and dark pants, was shifting through the box in seemingly in search of something in particular. Both his skin and hair-that was put up in a dozen dread locks- were dark.

"Pistol. Bazoo-ka. Thingy Where's da damn snipah rifle?" the kid said to himself. Church went over and kneeled next to him.

"Whatcha' lookin' for?" he asked. He noticed there was writing on the boy's shirt. "Wha's your shirt say?"

"Uh, my mom told me it says 'Daddy's Fastest Little Swimmer.' I dunno wha' it means, though. I can't swim."

"Oh."

"I'm Lavernius, but you can call me Tucker. I'm lookin' for the snipah rifle. What's your name?"

"I'm Leonard. Jus' call me Church. Everyone else does."

At that time, another little boy came over, a blanket the color of his shirt, cobalt blue, in his hands.

"Tucker!" he cried, tears forming in his innocent eyes. "Sheila won't play House wit me! She's playin' House wit Lopez!"

"Caboose, shut up. I don't like you. No one does," the other boy replied irritably.

"I like me" The new comer seemed to notice Church for the first time and brightened up. "Hi! I'm Ca-boose. Wha's your name?"

"Uh, Churchâ€¦"

"Wanna go play House?" the boy asked eagerly.

"Not reallyâ€¦I think I'll stay here andâ€¦help Tuckah find da snipah rifle."

"Finally someone who'll help me." The teal clad boy went back to searching the box, but stopped when Caboose spoke again.

"Ooh! I know where dat's at!"

"Really! Where, Ca-boose?" Tucker asked, hope and excitement sparkling in his dark eyes.

"Over dere."

Caboose, happy that he was being useful, led the boys over to the other side of the room. He pointed to where, just a few steps away, lay Tucker's precious toy sniper rifle. He started going towards it eagerly.

"Yes! Come ta Daddy, snipah rifleâ€¦Caboose, I'm gonna give you my cookie for this."

Just as he was about to pick up the precious plastic gun, it was grabbed away from him. He looked up, exclaiming "hey!" at the thief.

"I'll take this," the sniper rifle stealer said, evaluating the toy gun.

The boys took a good look at the thief: long brown hair, all black clothing, mean eyes, and she was a _girl. _Also, Church knew her.

"Allison," he greeted unenthusiastically.

"Church. Say that name evah again and I'll burry your head in de sand box so far they'll nevah find you," the girl half-warned half-promised.

"Okay, Tex," he replied, used to her scary temper.

"I want my snipah rifle," Tucker told her, pouting.

"It's not yours anymore, crybaby," Tex sneered.

Before Tucker could say differently, Church's mother came by. She kneeled down to hug her child and said, "Oh, you've made some little friends. Have fun, Leonard. Kisses." She left; Church turned three shades of red.

"I hate her," he muttered to himself.

"Well, babies, I'm off. Have fun playin' wit pistols," Tex told them, waving derisively before turning around. She sauntered off somewhere, leaving Tucker and the others behind to fume.

"Girls!" the black boy shouted.

"Girls don't like me," Caboose commented sadly.

"Suh-prise, suh-prise," Tucker grumbled in response. "Stupid girlsâ€|Won't play wit me, then take my snipah rifleâ€|"

"I hate school," Church sighed.

At that moment, one of the teachers cheerfully called out, "Naptime!"

"Yay!" Caboose exclaimed, clutching his blanket as he ran to the sleeping bags that were being put out. Tucker was still grumbling to himself and pouting. Church clasped his hands to head, trying not to twitch. School _sucked._

17. It's No Fun if the Loser's Enjoying

****A/N: ****Finally I bring you a lemon/lime! And I do realize, very well, how long this is overdue. Don't worry, others will be along shortly, one another lemon-lime (don't know where I'm going to stop with that one.)

> Genre: Smut with humor.

> Pairings: Major Grif/Church and mentions of Simmons/Donut, Tucker/Caboose, Doc/Sister

> Rating: M for sex.

> Summary: Grif and Church have nothing to do and no place to go which leads to them playing strip poker which leads to a lack of clothing which leads to masturbation which leads to sex.

> Warnings: Lemon/Lime, but it's not _that_ explicit; don't want to get kicked off, now do I? And slightly AU, Church isn't dead because the dead can't have sexâ€|as far as I know. A bit of language as well. Oh, and Grif comes off as a bit of a man whore in this, for some odd reasonâ€| Don't forget Church's god-complex, either.

It's No Fun if the Loser's Enjoying the Winner's Suffering

> (unless they both end up winning something)

Honestly, they were bored. That's how they got the notion in their heads to play strip poker. It's not like they had anything better to do; Simmons and Donut were double dating with Tucker and Caboose, Tex had taken Sheila on a "girl's night out", Andy conned Lopez into stalking them for the hell of it, and Doc was with Grif's, who had kicked him out of the house. That's how he found himself at Church's place.

They were currently on their tenth hand. Grif's shirt, shoes, and socks had been discarded, lying in a heap next to his chair, while Church was only missing his own pairs of socks and shoes. He had a cocky grin on his face and it was pissing the other man off.

"Okay, Whatcha have?" he asked through his cigarette, an intensely determined glint in his eyes as Church laid down his hand.

"A pair of aces," came the smug reply.

"Fuck." It was just _not_ _Grif's lucky night.

He grumbled some very creative swears under his breath as he stripped himself of the wife-beater he had worn under his regular, burnt orange shirt. Church couldn't help but eye his friend's chest. It wasn't muscular or anything, quite the contrary, and he was slightly flabby, but Grif made it work. It was times like this where Church cursed, quite zealously, his bi-sexuality.

"See something you like?" Grif asked, a grin on his face, his tone mocking.

"Shut up and deal." Church prayed-not that God, any god ever listened-he wasn't blushing.

This new hand gave Grif three two's and a pair of sixes. Church, having less than shit, traded four of his five cards. He ended up with a pair of threes, the Jack of Diamonds, and the Ace of Hears.

"Lay 'em down," Grif told him, doing the same. "Congratulations, you get to take off your shirt."

"Damn it," Church gripped, taking off his blue tee. Unlike Grif, he had on no undershirt of any variety. "Okay, my deal. Your pants are comin' off."

There was a beat of silence.

"Church, I never knew you were into me." Grif laughed.

"Fuck, that came out wrongâ€¦"

"Understatement of the fuckin' year," the younger man told him.

"Yeah, yeah. Jus' look at your hand."

Grif took a drag of his cigarette as he arranged the cards in his hand: two twos, the six of Diamonds, and the three and four of Hearts. Yeah, he wasn't going to win this round. He laid down everything save the pair of twos and received three new ones. They were just as bad.

"Okay, show me what you've got," Church ordered. Grif laid his hand face up and Church sneered, showing him his three Queens. Grif's pants came off, revealing orange boxers with a black puma on the front. Church tried not to lick his lips.

"Okay, my deal," Grif said, grabbing the cards. Church swore the younger man was trying to show off his chest.

Grif dealt out the cards and then put his legs up on the empty chair next to him. Leaning back, he took a good look at what he dealt himself (a pair of sixes, a pair of threes, and the five of Spades) as Church took a good look-though he did it subtly-at him.

Church laid down three cards and Grif gave him three new ones. He put down his hand, victorious smirk plastered on his face, and Grif swore for the umpteenth time that evening.

"Son of a bitch." Three Aces and a pair of Jacks made his boxers come off.

"And you loseâ€|Again."

"Goddamn it's cold in here," he complained.

"Mm-hmâ€|" Church barely heard the words, concentrating instead on Grif'sâ€|anatomy. Damn, Tex was really rubbing off on him.

"Am I right, Church?" Grif chuckled.

"What?" the shorter man replied stupidly.

"You weren't listening. How surprising." He could easily sense the sarcasm in the younger man's words.

"Well, I'm gone."

"Sure. See yourself out. I'm, uh, going to bedâ€|" Church replied weakly.

Church got up as Grif started gathering his clothes. He walked up the basement stairs, through the living room, through the kitchen, then finally got to the hallway. He entered his room, closing the door behind him haphazardly. Only then did it occur to him that he left the majority of his clothing down stairs.

Shrugging, he plopped face-up on his bed. He couldn't get Grif's body-especially a certain part-out of his mind, even after he heard the front door open and close.

Slowly, Church undid his pants and discarded them and his boxers. The man wrapped a hand around his erect cock and squeezed. As he began pumping, his eyes instinctively closed. He moaned, conjuring up the recent images of Grif sans clothing.

His other hand joined the fun, one claspings hard while the other did most of the pumping. Church was so involved in his activities, eyes clenched shut as he came towards his climax, that he didn't take notice when his bedroom door opened and closed, another person walking in.

Before Church could reach his so-close climax, he felt a foreign hand wrap around his own. His hands stilled and his eyes opened in a beat. In front of him stood Grif, very much still naked. Church, unable to form a coherent word let alone string together a full sentence, stared wide-eyed at the other man, who decided to remove Church's hands and place his one fully on.

Grif smirked at him, thumb massaging Church's lower head. He tried to bite back a moan, but couldn't; Grif seemed to be just too good at what he was doing. Another minute passed and Grif let of Church's erect penis. He got on top of Church, straddling his waist, and stared down at him lustfully.

"G-Grifâ€|what the hell-" Before Church even had the chance to finish his sentence, Grif attacked his lips passionately, with a great yearning. Church went along with the kiss, returning it full heartedly; lust was more powerful a logic than asking questions in

wonderment. Church even requested for entrance into Grif's mouth by licking the other man's lips; he granted admittance readily. Church's tongue darted in, greedily exploring every inch, every crevice.

As his tongue danced with Grif's Church's hands began roaming. One hand trailed upwards, resting on the back of Grif's neck, while the other chose to inch its way towards the younger man's cock. He squeezed and Grif moaned in sudden pleasure.

With the heatedly whispered words "I want you," Church flipped Grif underneath him, face up. He reached towards his end table drawer for lotion, but Grif shook his head no. he took hold of Church's arm and pulled it towards his lips, putting the fingers in his mouth. He sucked on them, running his tongue over the digits.

Church smirked at Grif, taking his fingers out of the taller man's mouth. He brought his we hand down towards Grif's opening and inserted first one finger, then a second and third. He stretched them out, causing the younger man to moan in pleasure.

A few beats later, Church took his fingers out of Grif, causing the smaller man to whimper slightly. The sounds he made soon turned to gasps, however, as Church thrust into him.

"Oh, god," Grif moaned blissfully. The older man smirked down at him.

"I like to think I am sometimes."

As Church thrust into the younger man, Grif's hands clutched at the back of his neck, chewed fingernails digging into his skin. With an exclaimed "Faster!" he sped up.

Church didn't know if he leaned down first or if Grif pulled him down, but they found themselves in a heated kiss. Church pushed his tongue between the brunet's lips and their tongues got reacquainted.

He started thrusting as hard and as fast as he could with Grif arching his back in response as they both came closer and closer to their climax. Their lips were still attached, furiously sucking at each other's lips.

Church squeezed Grif's penis tightly and pumped, causing him to purr into the kiss. Grif's nails dug deeper into Church's skin; the man thought he must be bleeding. All tangible thoughts then left the two as they came, relatively at the same time, one moaning the others name while the other gasped.

Church pulled out of the younger man and they lay side by side, both panting. When he had regained enough breath, and senses, Church asked the brunet a question.

"So, why the hell did we just do that?"

"We had nothing better to do?" Grif offered.

"Works for me," he mumbled, closing his eyes. He didn't need a good reason for sex. Hell, sex was a reason all in itself.

18. Not All Clay Fits the Mold

****A/N:**** My eighteenth one, finally. It's short, involves no slash whatsoever, and fills me with nostalgia for some inane reason.
> **Genre:** **General**, maybe some slight romance.
> **Pairings:** **Church/Tex**
> **Rating:****** T
> **Summary:** **Neither** one liked the stereotypes everyone wanted them to fit.
> **Warnings:** **Guy/girl love**â€|? Wanting to get out while you still can? The fact this is so short? Stereotypes. That's basically it.

Not All Clay Fits the Mold

Tex had grown up listening to girls fantasize about their futures: fall in love, get married, have plenty of kids, and die in their sleep when they were old and withered. She hated that.

Never in her twenty-five years did Tex ever want children. When she pictured her future, everyone was dead and-finally-not bothering her. The thought of her reproducing, having a little thing ****growing** ****inside of** her made Tex sick to her stomach.

Church had grown up listening to boys get flustered and cocky around girls. They'd talk about which ones would give them hearty boys they'd teach sports to in the backyard while the wife and any little girls were inside preparing dinner and dessert, hopefully pie.

Church hated dealing with people, especially kids, and didn't have the patience to teach anyone anything. Also, he sucked with sports. Horribly, though he blamed the equipment. Plus, seeing the "miracle" of birth nauseated him (not to mention pregnant women were evil).

Everyone had always told Tex to be a sweet girl and marry a nice fellow and bear his children, to which she replied with silent yet frightening glares. Menial house work and raising children she popped out was not for her. The thought of letting someone else provide for her infuriated Tex. She couldn't stand the stereotypical role everyone expected her to play.

Everyone had always told Church to settle down with a nice girl and support a family, to which he responded with a twitch of the eye and a silent, non-committing shrug. Work, enough to provide for more than himself, wasn't on his agenda. The thought of supporting a wife and bratty kids, and listening to them and their needs aggravated Church. He had no want for the stereotypical role in the game of life everyone expected him to play.

When Church had gone up to Tex, his words weren't coated with the hopes of a future together behind a white picket fence surrounded by children and pets. When she gave her answer, no visions danced in her head of a white wedding dress leading to small children running around a big yard. Their short conversation wasn't full of promises that held steady jobs, children, grandchildren, and the prospect of growing old together. Instead, they broke traditions and roles with two simple sentences.

"Want to get the Hell outta here with me?"

"Hell yeah."

19. Dual Silence

****A/N:**** You all deserve this drabble. It's been a good day, for the most part. I have Rock Candy! Ahem. On to the story. It turned out way different than what I had originally plannedâ€|

> Genre: Romance/Humor/General/Fluff

> Pairings: Grif/Simmons (Are we surprised by now?)

> Rating: T, I suppose

> Summary: Grif, fed up with Simmons, refuses to speak to him. Donut, pointing out that they seem to have switched roles, helps (forces) Simmons to grow balls and apologize.

> Warnings: A bit of role switching. Oh, and slash and language, of course.

Dual Silence

"Grif," Simmons started.

"Donut, tell Simmons I'm not speaking to him," Grif interrupted, refusing to even look at the maroon soldier.

"Simons, Grif says-"

"I heard him, Donut." Simmons sighed. Goddamn cockbite was too stubborn for his liking. "Grif, can't you let it go?"

"Donut, tell Simmons that he's a kiss-assing bastard," Grif told the rookie. The pink clad man took a deep breath before doing as asked (told).

"Simmons, Grif thinks you're a kiss-assing-"

"Yeah, I heard him, Donut."

"Okay."

"He's right there. He can hear me, I can hear him, you don't even need to be here, and this is all pointless," Simmons explained exasperatedly.

"Hey, Donut?"

"Yeah, Grif?" he replied.

"I'm going on patrol if you-or any arrogant S.O.B.-want me. Tell Sarge I'm dead or something, he'll love that."

With that, Grif stormed off. Donut and Simmons just let him go, Simmons only chuckling slightly at his teammate. Taking off his helmet, he ran a hand through his short raven hair.

"Should we, uh, follow him? He might hurt himself."

"Donut, he's more likely to hurt _us _if we follow him," Simmons replied.

"Yeah, but-"

"Donut," Simmons snapped, "you're really grating my nerves. Just shut up."

"Fine."

About a minute passed with Simmons glaring in the direction Grif had gone and Donut pouting silently off to the side. He looked up, features turning to sympathy, as Simmons sighed heavily.

"You know, it's like you guys have switched roles," he told the maroon soldier. "Grif's the one getting really pissed at you and you're the one who has to apologize, but are too stubborn to." Simmons turned to him.

"What the hell are you talking about, Donut?"

"Well, I'm just saying that usually Grif pisses you off and you go sulk somewhere. Then, after a while, Grif swallows his pride and goes to find you. Now it's the other way around."

"Yeah, observations like that are really helping the situation," Simmons replied sardonically.

"See what I mean?" Donut mumbled, pouting again. "Jus' like Grif."

"Donut, I wouldn't snap at you if you helped by doing your job," Simmons told him, jaw clenched.

"Job? You told me to 'just shut up.'"

"Exactly. You not talking helps a lot."

"That's it, I'm outta here. _I'm_ going to go talk to Grif." _Just like I always go talk to you, _he added silently. He stormed off, leaving Simmons alone.

"â€|Goddamn it!" he yelled, the sound of his voice vibrating off the nearby rocks.

Simmons was in the kitchens, his elbows propped up on the table and his hands covering his face, when Donut came in. he sat down across from his teammate. Simmons didn't bother looking at him, even when his name was spoken.

"I talked with Grif. Wanna know what he said?"

"No."

"Yup. You two really did change roles." To this, Simmons peeked through the cracks between his fingers and directed a glare towards the younger man. "Uh, anyways," Donut cleared his throat before continuing. "Grif said, quote, 'I don't really care; he can say or do whatever the hell he wants,' unquote."

"Gee, thanks. That doesn't make me think he hates me at all. Good job, Donut. You're a real help," Simmons congratulated dryly.

"You really don't realize what he meant?" Donut asked incredulously. "He's basically saying what you always say." Simmons just looked at him, expression hard to make out. "Right, of course you wouldn't get it; you two switched personalities."

"Get on with it, Donut," Simmons ordered, annoyed.

"It means," he explained with a roll of his eyes before both unconsciously leaned in, "Grif forgives you."

"What!" Simmons exclaimed, hands off his face.

"That's how Grif shows his forgiveness."

"â€|I'm..." Simmons started as he rose. "I'm going for a walk." He began to exit the kitchens.

"Sure," Donut smiled knowingly. "Have fun and say hi for me." Simmons didn't acknowledge the pink soldier's request as he left.

Simmons made his way up the side of the canyon. Spotting Grif in the shadows, he went over and sat next to him. His eyes were closed and he made no movements other than the steady fall and rise of his chest, yet Simmons knew he was awake and aware.

"Hey," Simmons said softly. His only response was Grif cracking open a single eye open and looking at him. "Um, about, you know, todayâ€|Look, I'm-"

"Mind shutting up? I'm trying to sleep," Grif interrupted.

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Thanks, Dick," Grif mumbled through a yawn as he shifted positions so he was leaning against Simmons.

"No problem, cockbite," he whispered, closing his eyes as well.

20. Bonding Between Soldiers

****A/N: ****And finally it's here! The long awaited twentieth drabble. A smuttastical one at that.

> Oh, and I just realized what day it is. Oops. I don't have the twelfth chapter of Life is But a Game Within a Dream or typed up yet. That's going to be a bit late, then. Sorry, guys.
 ****Genre:**

****Romance and Smut**

> **Pairings:** **Church/Donut**

> **Rating:** **R**

> **Summary:** **Church gets taken prisoner by the Red team. It's all according to plan.**

> **Warnings:** **Slash, sex, language; you know, the usual. Oh, and Donut being dominant.**

Bonding Between Soldiers

> (Of Opposing Teams)<p>

Church never suspected when he woke up that morning that one of his plans would go off without a hitch. It was amazing, astounding, flabbergasting! It also caused him to be tied up in Red base with Donut as his solitary guard. The other inhabitants of the base were on the top, having a meeting or something. The two left out soldiers didn't care; they wanted to be left alone.

"It's sweet how you got yourself captured just to see me," Donut told the Blue.

"Yeah, yeah. Just hurry up and untie me," Church ordered the Red.

"No, I think I like you tied up," Donut replied with a smirk as he took off his helmet.

Church growled, hating it when Donut got the notion in his head to be the dominant one. He struggled against his bonds futilely while Donut's smirk widened. The pink clad man knelt down in front of him and slowly took Church's helmet off. Tossing it aside carelessly, he captured the bigger man's lips with his own.

Church moaned into the kiss, but not wanting to let Donut think he had any power over him he forcibly parted the blonde's lips and shoved his tongue in the other man's mouth. It was Donut's turn to moan in instant pleasure as the invading tongue massaged his, twirling in patterns and going back and forth pleasantly painstakingly.

When they parted for breath's sake, Donut leaned in close and whispered his venereal appetite in Church's ear, panting between words. "Iâ€|needâ€|youâ€|Now."

Church's lecherous grin spread across his face as he turned his head in one swift movement and pressed his lips hard against Donut's in a bruising kiss. His tongue again forced entrance into the younger man's mouth, exploring every part of it greedily.

As his lips were being devoured, Donut's hands, having the overpowering urge to _touch __**something**_, roamed his lover's armor, releasing the latches with a _hisssss _of compressed air. Without parting mouths, Donut removed Church's upper armor. While their tongues tangoed, Donut's hands then went up Church's shirt and straight to his nipples. He gave them both a playful tweak in experimentation.

Church let out a low, feral groan of want. He felt his bulging erection scream and throb for release. Removing his tongue from Donut's mouth and breaking off the long kiss, he moved his head down and licked a trail from the smaller man's collarbone to underneath his chin. Donut moaned, his hands going downwards and frantically fumbling with the remaining of Church's armor, then his own. Soon, all armor had been discarded in a flash, as well as Donut's clothing.

"Aww," Church pouted with a teasing smirk. "No strip show?"

"Maybe next time," Donut promised, grinning back.

The smaller, lithe man undid Church's pants to reveal that he had worn no underwear. He grinned unabashedly at Donut's playfully questioning look. They shared a chuckle and giggle before the sounds Church was making were gasps and moans as Donut's skilled fingers ran up and down his erection.

"Do you like that?" he asked in Church's ear, feeling the man's cock harden under his touch.

"Y-yes," he moaned.

"Really? How much?" Donut asked seductively, grinning at the power he held. His thumb rubbed Church's head, reveling in the sounds the older man was making.

"Ughâ€|Aâ€|a lot," was the panted response.

"Do you want me inside of you?" he asked softly, voice heavily laced with sweltering lust. He gave a quick squeeze as Church nodded, unable to form coherent words. "Good."

Donut positioned himself in front of Church, hands gripping his shoulders and cock at his entrance. He thrust into the older man and covered Church's mouth with his own as to muffle any sounds. He thrust again and again, Church instinctly arching his back, as their tongues were reunited.

Donut's self-manicured nails dug into Church's neck. The blonde was too far gone to even care that he was picking up the older man's sweat and dirt. He bit down on Church's bottom lip, causing the older man to smirk into the kiss.

Donut kept thrusting into him and eventually a hand went down to Church's erection. As he thrust, he pumped it in a matching speed. They devoured each other's mouths with gusto as they felt themselves reaching their climax. Soon enough, both men came violently, Donut's seed spilling inside of the older man while Church's seed exploded and drenched the blonde's hand and stomach.

They rested their foreheads together, pants intermingling into one shared rhythm. Donut didn't bother taking himself out of the other man, though he did release his cock and bring both arms up, entwining his hands behind Church's head. The two couldn't stay long in that moment, however, as the Red soldier had to clean them and their mess up before the other occupants of the base stumbled upon the scene.

21. Each Night at the Nightclub

****A/N: ****Another drabble! I might not get the next chapter up today on Life is but a Game within a Dream or. Sorry, folks. I will have it out soon. In the meantime, on to the drabble. (Also, I'll probably have another one up tomorrow.)

> For the record, I have no way to explain this.
 ****Genre:****
General/Romance/Angst/Drama

> ****Pairings: ****one-sided Church/Tex, Tucker/Caboose,
Tucker hitting on almost everyone

> ****Rating: ****T

> ****Summary: ****Each night he was dragged to the nightclub

to stop thinking about her. While Tucker danced, he would drink. When Tucker left, he'd go home alone. The next day it would all start again.

> Warnings: A bit AU-ish, mentions of sex, drinking, clubs, unrequited love, lamenting, a boy toy.

Each Night at the Nightclub

Each night Leonard Church would be dragged to the nightclub by his friend Tucker. He would only go reluctantly, lamenting over his unrequited love for Tex.

Tucker would dance, and usually get slapped by several different people, while Church staid at the bar, getting drunker and drunker. First he'd down a shot of whiskey; Tucker would be flirting with some blonde boy who could pass as a girl.

Then Church would order more and down it in a single gulp; Tucker would move on, after getting hit-again, maybe to go grind against brown haired Grif-who was almost as drunk as Church.

Church would order more and more, the room getting dizzy, while Tucker hit on Simmons; the pick up lines the freckled man would just ignore.

Finally, as Tucker left with Caboose, who he had basically made his boy toy, Church would be drunk enough to have to pause and concentrate just to recall his name.

He'd go home alone, sobering up after the night air assaulted him, lonelier than he had been before he'd gone. His empty apartment would seem much bigger, yet so suffocating, so cramped.

Sometimes Tex would share his bed, but she'd be gone the next morn long Church awoke. The pillows would be tossed around the bed, the sheets wrinkled and tangled, and her slight imprints upon the old mattress.

So he'd get up, after an hour or so of simply laying in bed, and he'd go to his part-time job. He'd contemplate the military, if only to escape the vicious cycle he found himself in. But he wasn't the type to run away into something just as bad.

Tucker would come over and drag him to the nightclub. Church would refuse at first, but then give in, hoping his friend would shut up, maybe one day stop. Tucker would leave him at the bar, alone. Church would drink as his friend danced, and got rejected.

First glass, dancing with the blonde. Second glass, moved on to brown haired Grif. Another glass, his fourth then fifth, Tucker was with Simmons, who kept on trying to ignore him. More shots, Church lost count a while back; Tucker's already left with boy toy Caboose. He goes home alone, self-esteem snuffed out like a candle wick a long time ago.

He had once asked Tex to marry him, but she said no. she wasn't playing hard to get-though that's what he wished-she simply didn't love him back. She didn't love anyone, save herself.

So Church was left alone at the night club, came home alone to be in

the presence of no one, and woke up without Tex in bed at his side.

22. Quenching

****A/N:** **This takes place sometime between Grif's sister joining the Blues, and Tex coming back and shooting wildly at everyone. Iâ€¦I really have no idea about this one. I might have been on something when I thought this up. Or just extremely bored and random. There really is no point at all to this.

> Genre: General/Humor

> Pairings: Er, none actually

> Rating: A light T, or a heavy PG

> Summary: Tucker couldn't help his urges. He needed to quench his hunger, in the middle of the night. Unfortunately, Church woke up and saw him.

> Warnings: Minor language, pure crack of the whole randomness of this thing, pickles.

Quenching

Tucker snuck into the kitchen, careful not to make a sound. He'd never live it down if Caboose, the new female recruit, or-worst of all-Church caught him. He couldn't help what he was going to do, though; he had urges he could not deny.

The teal-armored soldier searched in the dark by feel only through all the cabinets eagerly, hungrily. He knew he had hidden his stash well when it had come in from command. At last, slowly, almost as if the man were teasing himself, he pulled out from a bottom shelf what he had come there for.

Tucker sat down, an insanely happy grin on his face, with his back against the wall, the prize in his lap. His legs held it steady and he opened it zealously. He reached a hand into the jar, submerging it into the sloshing juices. He grabbed one of the jar's contents from the very bottom (they were better there where they could suck up all the taste). He shoved it whole in his mouth after bringing it out.

Tucker smiled wider as he chewed the crunchy object, the sour juices slipping down his throat. It was enough to make him moan out in ecstasy. He repeated the process again and again and againâ€¦Until the light was turned on and a certain Leonard Church walked in on the scene.

Church looked at Tucker who looked at him like a deer in headlights. He mumbled a curse ("Fuckberriesâ€¦") while Church groggily blinked his brown, red-from-just-waking eyes.

"Tucker," he yawned, "wha' th' fuck're you doin'?"

"Erâ€¦Nothing, really."

"Are you eating pickles?"

"â€¦I had urges I needed to take care of," was Tucker's reply, looking down into the jar.

"â€|I'm going back to bed," Church mumbled finally, turning around and exiting the kitchen. He was sure to shut the light off, though.

Tucker went back to his pickles.

23. Facts of Life

****A/N: ****Another drabble? Why, yes, yes it is. A Grif-centric, bittersweet introspective.
> Genre: General
> Pairings: one-sided Grif/Simmons, Simmons/Donut
> Rating: PG-13
> Summary: An introspective on love, unrequited and returned. About waiting and finding, soul mates and journeys. Of grasping and watching.
> Warnings: Slash, unrequited love, slight voyeurism.

Facts of Life

It was just how life went, he figured; you fall in love with someone, and they don't love you back.

Grif took a long drag of his cigarette before taking it out of his mouth and chugging his bottle of beer. He watched from atop the base with what seemed mild interest at Simmons and Donut.

They thought they were hidden behind the rocks, but they weren't. Grif could clearly see Simmons' hands-one robotic one flesh-caress Donut's face, his body. He easily could see Simmons' lips graze Donut's neck before viciously attacking the smaller man's mouth. Though he couldn't hear it, he saw Simmons whisper into Donut's ear.

Grif turned away when Simmons started to take off the remaining armor from the blonde's sleek body. He'd give them their privacy. Besides, who would want to watch that? Experience, yes. Watch, absolutely not. It would be nice to know Simmons by feel, but only Donut had that privilege.

Sighing, Grif took another long drink from the beer bottle, relishing the bitter liquid as it sloshed around in his mouth, before finishing off his cigarette. He'd have to get more soon; his supply was running low on both necessities. For the past month Grif had watched the start of Simmons' and Donut's budding relationship, drinking and smoking more and more as he did so. It was all simply routine.

Grif did not believe in soul mates. There was no such thing. People weren't born for others, they choose to live for someone. He knew that there wasn't someone special out there just waiting for him. You choose and make choices, with nothing set in place. Some people never find love; others find it in multiple people. You had to go out and grasp love, not wait patiently for what won't, most likely, come automatically.

That was just his opinion, though. But it still made a lot more sense to him than some of the other crack-pot theories out there.

24. Mommies, Daddies, and Other Family Posit

****A/N: ****Drabble. Enjoy. I did have something sad to post up, but I thought you all would like some pure humor. Oh, and this takes place right as Tex comes back. In this, she doesn't start shooting at everyone. I wrote this a while back and forgot about it.

> Genre: Humor

> Pairings: Um, slight-but-not-really Church/Tucker, Tucker hitting on the girls

> Rating: PG/PG-13

> Summary: Tucker asks the new recruit and the returned Tex a question. Caboose jumps in eagerly, and Church gets repulsed at the rookie's suggestion.

> Warnings: Wanna just say random crack? I'll go with that, yeah. Slight slash, I suppose, but not really. Cursing, as per usual.

Mommies, Daddies, and Other Family Positions

"Hey, welcome back, Tex," Church greeted half-heartedly, just glad she was there in one piece.

"Hello you sons of bi-what the hell is that?" Tex asked, staring at the little alien clinging unto Tucker's legs.

"His abomination," Church offered.

"This is Junior, my _kid_."

"â€|Right. That's an alien," the woman pointed out, unsure if they knew the obvious fact.

"Yeah, we know. That one alien impregnated Tucker, and Tucker had this thing," Church explained, exasperated with the whole situation. The alien baby made a sound and he glared down at the thing.

"Tucker is a guy. How did he get pregnant?" she questioned.

"He wasn't pregnant!" Church yelled in denial.

"Right. You've got some issues to work out. And you," she turned to theâ€|motherâ€|and child. "That explains the weird things I saw the alien do to you while you were asleep."

"You saw!"

"Yup. So did Andy. Well, as much as a talking bomb can see."

"â€|Fuckberries." Tucker brightened up as he looked back and forth between Tex and the new girl.

"So, which one of you lucky ladies wants to be the father of my child?" he asked. Before either could answer, Caboose jumped into the conversation.

"Ooh, ooh! Church should be the daddy. And Tucker is the mommy, I'll be the big brother, and Tex and the new girl can be aunts."

"Uh, Caboose? What do you think a mother and father doâ€¦together?"

"Make more babies!" he answered innocently.

"I think I'm going to be sick," Church muttered.

"Blarg!" The pale blue soldier glared at the baby alien.

Tex burst into laughter and went over to the two rookies. Grabbing them both by the arm, she started to drag them away. "Come on, let's leave Mommy and Daddy alone for a little while."

"Are they going to make more babies now?" the man asked clueless.

"Yeah, Caboose, they sure are," Tex answered with a giant grin.

"I hope it's a girl this time," the new recruit said.

"Shouldn't we take Junior with us?" Caboose asked.

"Sure. Why the hell not." The man went and took hold of the baby alien's hand and led him away with them.

"Too bad he's gay," the new rookie mused. "He had a hot voice." Tex let out another stark laugh.

"Tucker? You must be desperate."

Tucker and Church watched the four disappear into their base, the silence between them unbearably awkward. Tucker went over and stood next to the older man.

"So, Daddy--"

"I fucking hate you all."

25. Military Man

****A/N:** ****So, this one's Sarge-centric. I, I don't knowâ€¦I just got this crazy inspiration for this one day and boom-this popped out of my head and onto paper. It's not a happy one. Oh, and I gave Sarge the name of Randy; it seems to fit him, I'd say.**

> **Genre:** **General**

> **Pairings:** **N/A**

> **Rating:** **T**

> **Summary:** **He was a military man alright; he could be hurt, but he'd understand. It was harder, almost impossible, to break a military man.**

> **Warnings:** **Mentions of violence and death.**

Military Man

Randy had seen a lot during the war. Everything from the cold, unseeing eyes of a close friend, a good man, to the scared and hopeless gaze of a child orphaned. He'd seen a battlefield full of young soldiers, middle-aged soldiers, soldiers who all had family and friends who never again would see them outside a casket. He'd shot

people, some that didn't even seem a danger-but he had to follow orders; command was always right.

People-civilians didn't understand, though. The children caught in the middle who had lost those close to them, who had violently been ripped away from a cold embrace thought not on a large scale-taking the whole picture into account-but rather, that they were being hurt. People thought that they were just invaders, not caring they were there to fight a threat. People back home just saw them as men going to their deaths uselessly for a half-hearted, corrupt goal.

Randy was going home for a bit until he was called back. He needed a break, though he admitted that fighting gave him a primal thrill he couldn't describe. That didn't mean he was in support of the war. Unfortunately, not many understood that and even fewer cared to understand before simply blaming.

Randy straightened his shirt as he walked up the few steps to reach the door, then knocked, a smile on his face. He knew behind the door was his brother Harold, a right fine, upstanding man with two rough little boys and a darling little wife. His brother was his only living relative, and the first-and closest-friend he'd ever had.

He was relieved when the door finally opened a hand's length to reveal Harold's small, dark haired and pale-skinned wife. He couldn't quite remember her name-maybe Claudia or Beatrice. It could have also been Theresa or Emily, though. Regardless, she was peeking at him from behind the door, looking as if she were seeing a ghost.

"What're you doing here?" she asked in barely more than a whisper before he could greet her. The man looked at her, puzzled.

"I sent a note; didn't it git here?" he replied, sensing something was wrong. His instincts were telling him to get away from the disheveled woman.

"You're not welcome here, murderer," she hissed.

His eyes widened at the woman's-Claudia/Beatrice/Theresa/Emily's-words. He knew how soldiers had been treated and what others thought of them, but his own brother's wife? Randy could only stand there, unable to speak as a growing dread welled up inside of him. He saw his brother approaching, eyes downcast.

"I'm...I'm sorry, Randy," Harold mumbled guiltily, wrapping an arm around Claudia/Beatrice/Theresa/Emily's shoulders.

Randy could still not say a thing, though he had cleared his face so it was devoid of all emotions. Like stone; he was like stone. He stood rigid, willing himself to stay calm, to accept it. Unconsciously, his fists stayed clenched at his sides. Likewise, his jaw was set in place.

"I'm real sorry," Harold said again, more to himself than to his brother. The man was unable to meet the soldier eye-to-eye, even look at the soldier's general direction.

Harold reached out somewhat reluctantly to close the door, but his

wife beat him to it. Claudia/Beatrice/Theresa/Emily-hell, it could have been Heather for all he knew or cared-slammed the door in his face, the resounding thud of wood hitting wood forcibly making his ears ring.

There had been a look so vicious on the woman's face that he could not erase the image from his memory. It stood out in his mind, numbing him. He was a soldier, though. He had to let it go. Just ignore it all.

A middle-aged woman who had come out to bring her trash to the curb during the hostile exchange watched sadly as the young man turned indignantly and walked off as calmly as he could.

Oh, he was a military man alright; he could be hurt, but he'd understand. He'd understand and endure it all, silently. It was harder, almost impossible, to break a military man.

Not too long after that incident, Randy got promoted. Then he got promoted again and again. He moved up the ranks quickly, enjoying his job yet regretting it all at once. Soon, he was a sergeant. He told everyone to call him Sarge, never wanting to hear the name Randy ever gain. Sarge fitted him; after all, he wasn't a civilian but rather, a military man-a military dog. A murderer with a cause and government to back him up.

He was Sarge the military man. Randy was long gone, taking with him all his doubts, insecurities, and needs other than serving his country, no matter what the civilians said or did. He was Sarge.

26. Nothing, A Twist

****A/N: ****Well, in the past forty-eight hours, about three passed me in sleep. I'm starving but I feel too sick to eat. But, I'm in a good mood because I passed the first exam in my Driver's Ed class. So, as celebration, you all get a drabble!

> ****Genre: ****Romance/General

> ****Pairings: ****Grif/Simmons

> ****Rating: ****PG-13 for mentions of nakedness

> ****Summary: ****He asked a question and got an answer. The other man meant it in a different way, however.

> ****Warnings: ****Slash

Nothing,

> A Twist (Different Perspective) on Words and Sayings<p>

Grif and Simmons-both very much naked-were lying on the former's bunk. He puffed on an almost finished cigarette while the slightly smaller soldier blew bubbles (Donut had given them to him a month ago as a birthday present). Simmons lay on his back whereas Grif was propped up on an elbow, looking down at him mildly.

Donut was still getting his beauty sleep in the room he shared with Sarge, who had gone to a meeting at headquarters so he wouldn't be back for a day or more. There was no chance of them getting caught as they were.

"Hey, Grif," Simmons whispered suddenly, breaking the silence that

had been building for an hour or more. He dipped the wand into the liquid then took it back out and blew.

"Hm?" Grif mumbled, eyes half-lidded. A dozen or so bubbles were formed.

"What adjective would you use to describe our relationship?" the cyborg asked tentatively, though seemingly out of simple curiosity. He repeated his earlier actions as the bubbles began to pop and float to the ceiling, too far away to be touched.

After a brief pause for thought Grif replied, "Nothing." The bubbles farthest away became burst soap in the air.

"Oh," Simmons said, almost disappointedly. He silently cleared his throat.

"How about you?" Grif asked in turn.

"Dysfunctional," he said matter-of-factly. He stopped blowing bubbles, twisting the cap back on the pink bottle.

Neither one spoke after that. Soon, Simmons was in a deep sleep, something he could only achieve when in moments such as the current one. Grif put out his cigarette, his eyes never having looked away from the older soldier's form. Leaning in close to him, Grif whispered into his ear.

"_Nothing_ lasts _forever_."

The words caused Simmons to shift in his sleep and murmur something unintelligible. Grif, corners of his mouth twitching upwards, kissed him tenderly on the temple. Then, he laid down, an arm snaking around Simmons and pulling him closer.

27. Horns and Halo

****A/N: ****Hi, all. I'm really not feeling well, and it is taking a lot of effort to type this up. Soon I'll have the next chapter up for Life-Game-Dream, just not right now. Sorry, all. Hope this will help tide everyone over.

> ****Genre: ****Romance/General
> ****Pairings: ****Grif/Simmons
> ****Rating: ****PG (This is pretty tame)
> ****Summary: ****A quiet night, and they talk. Neither explains himself.
> ****Warnings: ****Slash, slight AU, sort of fluff-tastical.

Horns and Halo

> In the Bedroom<p>

"Holy hell, I'm bored," Grif said randomly, blowing a lock of brown hair out of his face. Simmons looked down at him, laughing softly.

The two men, both in their mid-twenties, lay in bed together, Grif on his back and Simmons sitting up. Grif's hands were behind his head, elevating him slightly, while Simmons was gazing down at him with

adoration, his digits subconsciously playing with a corner of the thin white sheets.

The apartment they had shared for a little over two years was small; only a single bedroom, a living room, a kitchen, and one bathroom, only kept somewhat neat and orderly thanks to Simmons. Originally, the bedroom had held two separate single beds, but a year later, when they became a couple, they switched to a double bed.

Grif's eyes trailed up from Simmons' naked legs half-heartedly covered by the thin sheets to his muscular chest. The thought that the other man was pretty athletic for a bookworm flitted around his mind for a second, making him snort.

"What?" Simmons questioned, raising an eyebrow at him.

"Nothing," Grif replied as if it very well was something.

"Yeah, right."

"No, really; it's nothing," Grif protested, not able to keep himself from snickering.

"Oh, yeah, that makes you sound believable," Simmons said with an eye roll.

"Hey, I've almost got a halo," the tan man told him indignantly.

"And they're held up by horns, I'm sure," Simmons responded with a smirk.

"What would that make me, a fallen angel?" the brunet wondered out-loud.

"Hm. I suppose it does," he mused. "Fits you."

"How's that?" Simmons shook his head.

"Nothing, never mind," he replied far-too-quickly.

"Yeah it does. Tell me." The freckled man again shook his head in the negative. "Please?" he tried.

"Nope," Simmons said, still refusing.

"Aw, come on," the other man begged.

"Dex, I'm not going to say," the green eyed man told him with finality.

"Fine," Grif grumbled, relenting. He closed his eyes, not seeing Simmons smile down at him.

After a bit, Simmons leaned over and pecked a kiss on Grif's lips. The brunet cracked an eye open lazily and looked up at him. There was slight amusement in his gaze.

"Night, Dick," he said.

"Goodnight, Dex," the green-eyed man echoed, laying down next to him. They were both asleep soon enough.

28. Suicide Cigarette

****A/N:**** This came to me right as I was about to crawl into bed, so I had to write it down. I'm not totally sure where the idea came from. Am I ever, really?

> ****Genre: ****General/I won't say angst, but it is sad.

> ****Pairings: ****None

> ****Rating: ****T

> ****Summary: ****Didn't you know? She asked. People like Grifâ€|they smoke because they know smoking's killing them. They want to die.

> ****Warnings: ****Mentions of attempted-suicide, smoking, light cursing.

Suicide Cigarette

Kerry had always admired her brother. She always saw him as so strong and stubborn and smart. She knew he was those things, but she also knew he was far from happy.

He had raised her by himself, making sure she was safe and got everything she needed. He looked out for her, always put her before his own needs. Never for a minutes had she ever hated her brother.

When Kerry was younger, back when she was depressed and began cutting, she resented how weak she was compared to Grif. She wished she could be as strong and independent as him, at the same time telling herself she never could be.

She though, naively, that he couldn't crumble and resort to something like what she was doing. It wasn't until year later, when Grif caught her cutting and made her stop, did she realize the truth. She may be color blind, but that didn't stop her from seeing things how they really were.

She was always on Grif's case about smoking. Kerry often found herself lecturing him or simply taking the cancer sticks out of his mouth herself. Sometimes she'd just throw away whole, unopened cartons. Grif eventually resorted to hiding them from her in ingenious places.

Once, she told him that for every cigarette he smoked again, she'd cut herself. He tried to quit after that, he really did. Yet, the pull of something much more addicting than nicotine always beckoned him. He just got better at hiding the cigarettes, smoking them secretly, and washing the scent away or simply masking it. For his sake, Kerry didn't keep to her word.

Now at Blood Gulch, Kerry found herself sitting casually with Simmons, both watching Grif smoke a few meters away, just out of earshot. His helmet was off and he looked up at the mundane sky-he'd-seen-so-many-times-before. There was a content look on his face as the man puffed his cigarette.

"I don't know why the hell he always smokes so goddamn much," Simmons grumbled. "I'm constantly telling him how bad it is-especially since he's using my organs now-but he won't listen. It's like he thinks he's fucking invincible." Kerry turned to the green-eyed man curiously.

"Didn't you know?" she asked. "People like Grifâ€|they smoke because they know the smoking's killing them. They want to die." Simmons stared at her, eyes widening. After a small pause, the young woman continued.

"They want to die, but they're only killing themselves slowly. They have something they want to do before they finally kick the bucket, someone they want to keep safe." She looked down now. "Theyâ€|they just want to make sure someone they love is doing good and can manage on their own before finally finishing themselves off."

As she went quiet again, this time with no intention to add anything, Simmons watched Grif wordlessly. By now he had finished his previous cigarette and was halfway done with another. His head was still tilted up towards the unchanging sky, a look of pure relief on his face the likes Simmons had never seen on him before.

Kerry, after a while, followed where Simmons' green eyes were pointed. She settled her gaze on Grif, her brother in turn watching her from the corner of his eye.

29. Out the Door

****A/N: ****Hi, everyone. Yes, this is a very sad one. Another, very sad one. That involves the siblings, because their past is fun to play with.

> ****Genre: ****General/Angst

> ****PairingsCharacters: ******Grif, Sister

> ****Rating: ****PG

> ****Summary: ****She had watched her mother walk out of the house for the last time. When Dexter came home two hours later that's where he found her, statuesque.

> ****Warnings: ****Children crying, abandonment.

Out the Door

The little girl sat at the edge of her momma's bed, tiny and chubby legs dangling. She watched curiously as the woman packed things into several large suitcases. The girl flipped a lock of brunette hair out of her face as she gaze at older, determined eyes that wouldn't look at her.

"Momma, whatcha doin'?" the girl finally asked, not able to resist finding something out.

"I'm packing," the woman replied as though the child should have already known that.

"Why?" the girl continued her questioning.

"Because I'm going away."

"Ooh! Are me an' Dex-tah goin', to?" she asked eagerly, wide eyes

sparkling with excitement.

"Of course not. I'm going by myself," the woman told her. She snapped the last suitcase closed with an air of finality, ignoring the disappointment writ all across the child's round face.

The woman silently picked up two of the suitcases and went to the front door, small legs trying-and failing-to match stride with her. She opened the door and her daughter watched her place the two bags in the trunk. Then she collected the rest of her things and did the same. She came back in a third time, little girl still hot on her heels.

She went to the kitchen and took out a packet of animal crackers and a carton of apple juice. She handed these to the little girl, giving her head a small, quick pat. She went back into the living room, pausing only briefly as the girl spoke.

"Momma, when are you coming back?" she asked softly, needing. The woman did not turn, did not look back at her child.

"Momma's not coming back, baby." Though she used a term of endearment, she said the words coldly, mechanically. The woman exited, closing the door behind her none-too-gently, the heavy wood thunking in place far too loudly for the child's young, sensitive ears.

She had watched her momma walk out of the house for the last time. Silently, she gazed up at the door after the woman had it shut after her. When Dexter came home two hours later that's where he found her, statuesque.

"What's wrong, sis?" he asked gently, immediately putting his arms around her.

"M-momma went away, Dex," the younger sibling told him, burying her head into his chest. She dropped the carton and cookies, instead gripping her brother's back, holding on as if for life.

"Sh, sh," he whispered soothingly into the girl's tiny ear. "It's alright, I'm here."

Dexter led his sister over the apple juice carton and cookies that had fallen out of the somehow-opened box and to her room. He helped her crawl into bed, then tucked her in. He placed a light, goodnight kiss on her forehead. As the boy got up to leave, however, the girl's voice squealed out, almost frightened.

"P-please don't leave me, too." He gave her a sad-yet-warm smile and sat back down on the edge of her bed.

"No," he assured. "I won't leave you. Ever."

"Never ever?" she asked with a sniffle. He shook his head stubbornly.

"Not for any thing." The girl gave her brother a big smile, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Thankyouthankyouthankyou," she rushed out, words muffled by his

chest as she pressed into him. Slowly, his arms encircled the smaller girl.

"I won't leave you alone for anything," he repeat-promised softly, resting his chin on the top of her brunette locks.

Neither was sure how much time had passed, but eventually the two siblings released each other and settled in for the night, one snuggling into the other's warmth.

30. Exploding Day

****A/N: ****So, chapter 13 is very much late. Sorry, all; I had stuff to do. I went to a baseball game (where I got the idea for this one), disregarding the fact that I hate that sport like none other, and then had some friends over for Fourth of July. Also, I had to work on my Driver's Ed stuff, unless I don't feel like passing and ****not**** getting my driver's license.

> Oh, and we're going to ignore the fact that it is now very much after Independence Day.
 ****Genre: ****Fluff/Romance/Humor

> ****Pairings: ****Grif/Simmons, Donut/Sarge, Lopez/Sheila, Church/Tex, Tucker/Caboose, Doc/Sister

> ****Rating: ****PG-13/T

> ****Summary: ****They got a few crates from Command, and they somehow blew up. It was a spectacular sight.

> ****Warnings: ****Swearing, explosives, slash, het, innuendos.

Exploding Day

It had started out as a normal enough day for the reluctant inhabitants of Blood Gulch, and it ended spectacularly. Which meant it had been an overall good day-which was actually a rarity for the soldiers. And while the day had been good, the night had been better.

It started out pretty basically; that is, it was the Fourth of July on earth and Command had sent down some crates of fireworks for no apparent reason. Most likely for patriotism or something of the such which no one really cared about in a box canyon light years away. After that, one thing led to another and somehow (no one would admit anything) the crates got hit by a lot of firepower. A lot being enough to set said fireworks off on the one special, and convenient, night in the canyon where darkness set.

Currently, all eyes were turned upwards in awe to the unintended show. Donut was in Sarge's lap where he had landed earlier after being blown back, neither had thought of moving once the sky lit up, and the other two Reds stood side-by-side next to the Warthog, armored elbows brushing against each other in such a way that it couldn't have been accidental.

Caboose sat cross-legged on the ground, looking up with a child's wonder. Near him was Tucker who in turn stood just a bit behind Tex and Church-even they were taken in by the sight. Lopez's head was on top of Sheila, entrapped with the display as much as the humans. Andy wasn't too far off, enjoying the site by himself. Off a ways towards the caves, hidden together in their own moment, was Grif's sister and Doc-closer than leaves on a healthy tree in spring.

In the sky, a red heart and a blue heart appeared, sparks spreading out and melting into the horizon. Church was the first to speak.

"There's something about an exploding heart that really turns me on," he said.

"Yeah, me too," Tex mumbled in agreement.

"That's 'cause both of you are sadistic fucks," Tucker told them with a small snort. He looked back at the rookie.

"Pretty," the younger man whispered, helmet lying in his lap. The mocha skinned man removed his own helmet before talking to him.

"Hey, Caboose. After this, how about I take you inside and teach you how babies are made between two guys?" he suggested.

"Okay! But, um, I already know how" Yup. I'll just make sure, um, you really know how," Caboose replied.

"Yeah, sure. Whatever, dude."

"It involves a lot of kissing, right? Er, not that I don't know-I'm just testing you."

"A lot of kissing, all fuckin' over," Tucker assured, agreeing to anything the young man wanted.

"Okay."

Where Donut sat in his superior's lap, having had his helmet simply blown off-yet he was perfectly fine, he couldn't help but speak to the older man.

"They look really awesome, huh Sarge?"

"That they do, Princess." Suddenly, up shot a few fireworks that formed what almost looked like colorful eyes staring down at them before fading away.

"Wow," the young blonde breathed, hand unconsciously gripping Sarge's as he leaned forward.

Over where Lopez rested atop Sheila, the tank spoke to her companion. "My, this really is a very interesting site."

"SÃ-. Es muy bonito," he agreed in the only language he could speak.

"It is a fantastic sight, for only being colored explosives in the air," the tank commented.

The robot would have nodded if he still had his body. Instead, he could only repeat, "SÃ-."

Andy, not listening to the two love bots, exclaimed, "Oh, hell yeah! This is what I'm talking about!" If bombs had sexual organs, Andy

would have been as erect as both Church and Allison (even though they were ghosts).

Kerry leaned against Doc's shoulder in their special, hidden moment. An arm of the man's was wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer.

"I've always loved fireworks," she told him. He smiled down at her widely; she looked up at him with a similar look of joviality on her face. "Little explosions in the sky."

"Except, they're not that little," the man pointed out. The Hawaiian considered that. Then, she grinned big, deviously, at him.

"Size is in the mind of the beholder," she said with a laugh. Doc couldn't help but join along as the fireworks boomed, sizzled, and mingled with the stars in the sky.

Grif broke the silence between him and Simmons like he always did-with something deep that made others question his mental state of being.

"So, when do you think it's goin' to happen between us?"

"Huh?" the freckled soldier asked, turning to look at Grif, both men having removed their helmets long ago to better view the display.

"Eh, what the hell," the Hawaiian decided in a split second. "I've got nothin' to lose."

Before Simmons could question further just what he was talking about, Grif had drawn him forward and pressed their lips together. The tanned man's eyes were closed upon impact and, soon, Simmons closed his own green pair. He kissed back, tentatively at first though gradually picking up force. Above them, the remaining fireworks rapidly went off in succession, giving off a mixed cry of embers and a loud, shocking and bone-rattling boom.

31. Tomorrow Means Nothing

****A/N: ****Another depressing one? Why yes, yes this is. Don't worry, more romance and humorous ones are coming up. Eventually.

> ****Genre: ****General/Angst/Drama

> ****Pairings: ****Slight one-sided Grif/Simmons (it's really a left-open situation)

> ****Rating: ****T

> ****Summary: ****One tries to calm the other, drunken, one down and get him to his bed.

> ****Warnings: ****Character death, drinking, cursing, slight slash, instability.

Tomorrow Means Nothing

> If You're Stuck in Yesterday<p>

"You're drunk." It was a statement, matter-of-fact, expected. Sad, disappointed yet understanding.

"No 'mnot," the other, naturally tan, man denied in a slur. He

hunched over a half-full bottle in his hands and several other, very-much-empty, ones.

"Grif, you're drunk," the green-eyed man repeated, words stronger this time, more forceful.

"If uh wash drunk, would uh do thish?" Grif asked.

The smaller man had no time to react as the Hawaiian suddenly cupped his face with both hands, gracelessly, and smashed their lips together. He could both very well taste and smell the alcohol on the older man. Finally, Grif broke off the not-retained kiss.

"Have you ever done that when sober?" the younger one asked, voice calm as though Grif had only looked at his lips.

"â€¦Fuck," the drunk man cursed, laying his head in his hands. "Jush'â€¦fuck."

"Hey, it's alright, Grif," the man with freckles on his cheeks said softly, resting a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"No it'sh not, Simmons!" he cried, suddenly lashing out violently, smacking the other man's hand away. Simmons backed up a step, trying to ignore how Grif hadn't slurred his name in the slightest.

Grif took a deep, strained breath as he clenched his eyes shut. He brought his hands back up to his closed eyes and plopped down blindly into his seat, moving the chair back an inch; it made a torturous screeching sound that ripped at the men's ears.

"Fuck," Grif groaned. Then again and again. "Fuck. Fuck. FuckfuckfuckFUCK!" The last was practically a scream that caused Simmons to wince.

"Grif, why don't you go on to bed," he suggested, green eyes set on the man's wretched state. He went over and eased Grif up. "Come on; your sister's service is tomorrow morning."

"Yeahâ€¦yeah," he agreed, allowing Simmons to lead him away. Slowly, his hands fell down to his sides as he repeated, "Yeahâ€¦"

32. Pop My Personal Bubble

****A/N:**** One, this is a crackalicious title for a crackalicious fic. Two, the story itself, devoid of title, is exactly five hundred words. That's just wicked awesome.

> Genre: Humor/Fluff-ish

> Pairings: Church/Tucker

> Rating: T

> Summary: Downtime at Blue base, and Church is irritated at Tucker's gum popping.

> Warnings: Gum, popping, a pun in the title, references to a certain musical, language, and slash.

Pop My Personal Bubble

It was evening at Blood Gulch, and both teams were in their respective bases, doing whatever it was soldiers on downtime usually

do. This, for the Blue team, was sitting in a room aimlessly and doing absolutely nothing productive.

This evening everyone was in the rec room, which meant they were all together. Tex was shinning her favorite gun, Caboose was on his stomach coloring, and Church sat next to Tucker, both of whom were reading-the latter a comic book.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Church cringed at the sound of the popping gum. From the corner of his eye he glared at Tucker; he continued to read and chew, oblivious to the noise he was making.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Church closed his eyes and, very slowly, counted backwards from ten. Each thought number, however, was punctured by one of Tucker's pops.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop

Church took several deep breathes, then reopened his eyes. He glanced up at the other two; they seemed either not to hear the popping, or simply unaffected by it.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Turning to Tucker, Church sent him a sharp glare. "If you pop that gum one more fuckin' time-"

Pop.

Snapping, Church threw his book to the side and lunged at the dark skinned soldier. Surprise writ on Tucker's face, his arms failed out and his comic went sailing as the chair toppled over, taking both men with it.

The popping had-thankfully, finally-stopped.

Church, who was now straddling the man beneath him, stared down at Tucker. He was panting with a mixture of rage, adrenaline, and the force he had just used.

"Dude, what the fuck?" Tucker asked after a moment of just staring up at Church in shock.

"Don't. Fucking. Pop. Your. God. Damn. Gum," the smaller man seethed fiercely in response.

Smirking up at him now, Tucker said, "Make me, bitch." Then, he popped his gum. Damn. Gum.

Rising to the challenge, Church matched his smirk as he leaned down. Their mouths met and soon Church was pressing hard with his tongue, trying to force its way in. When Tucker's lips parted slightly, the appendage darted in, causing the darker man to moan.

"Guys, you do realize we are still in the room, right?" Tex asked. When there was no answer save more vehement kissing, she rolled her

eyes and grabbed Caboose by the arm, pulling him up.

"Come on, before they start sexing each other up right in front of us."

"But I wanna stay incase they show how babies are made," Caboose whined like a child whose favorite toy was just taken away. Then, quickly as to cover himself, he said, "Not that I _don't_ know, I just wanna-"

"Caboose, shut the fuck up," the woman demanded. Luckily for her, he obeyed. "Good. Let's go visit Sheila, or something."

The two men on the floor didn't know if they were gone yet or not, nor did they care. They were too busy; and besides, the gum was now in Church's mouth.

33. Trials of Group Therapy

****A/N:**** Oh, it's fuckin' December, isn't it? That's fuckin' bullshit. I hate the cold, I hate holidays, and I fuckin' hate all the fucktards who think that I'm a "bad person" for having none of that holiday spirit bullshit. You know what? I'm the motherfuckin' Satan spawn, why not? (Yeah, I'm in a _great_ mood. Fan-fuckin'-tastic.)

> As you all have noticed, maybe, I've been gone for a while. Real Life has been a bitch, let's leave it at that. So, here's the deal: I'm going to try and update one thing each day until the 25, which is Christmas, apparently. So, here's number one.
 ****Genre: ****Humor

> Pairings: N/A

> Rating: PG-13?

> Summary: Doc decides that it's time for everyone to have some group counseling.

> Warnings: Simmons' dubious sexuality, cursing, threats, feelings, and rope.

Trials of Group Therapy

"This is total bullshit," Tucker groaned.

"Why the hell are we doing this?" Grif asked as Simmons yelled "I'm not crazy!" for what had to be the hundredth time in five minutes.

"I forget, what we are doing," Caboose announced slowly.

"Rookie, shut up. This is annoying enough without your fuckin' mouth," Church snapped at him.

"Man, all I wanted to do today was take a nice long bubble bath," Donut pouted.

"Stop yer complainin', Pinkie," Sarge ordered crossly.

"Okay, someone had better untie me or I swear I will rip out your intestines," Tex threatened/warned/promised, struggling against her bonds.

"Come on, everyone. This will do us all some good," Doc cheerily piped up. "It'll even help end the war!"

"You mean it'll kill all the Blues?" Sarge translated eagerly.

"Er, no. it will bring the two sides closer together as it demolishes your issues and hostilities," Doc explained.

"That's th' dumbest-" Sarge started.

"Oh my god, I wish I could just go to hell already," Church moaned.

"I'd gladly send you there, Church," Tex growled, "but I'm all _tied up_ right now. And when I get untied, I'm going to hang Doc over there. With either this rope or his kidneys. I haven't decided yet." As she spoke, her dark eyes were fixed on the medic, sending chills down his spine.

"Er, yes. Well, um, let's get started," the flustered man decided. "Now, I first want to assure everyone here that I am professionally trained in group therapy. My minor in college was psychology."

"Whop-de-fuckin'-do," Church grumbled.

"Going around in a circle, we're each going to say what's on our minds. And remember, Sheila, Andy, and Lopez are guarding the door so, until everything's settled, or at least until we've made some headway, no one's going anywhere.

"Now, Grif, since you're on my left we'll start with you."

"Well," he said after a minute of deep contemplation, "I hate this place. I _really_ hate this place. Donut's annoying as hell-"

"Hey! Am not!" the pink man pouted.

"Simmons is an asshole-"

"Because you're a lazy cockbite," the Dutch-Irishman countered stubbornly.

"And Sarge tries to kill me constantly. Yet people _still_ wonder why I smoke," Grif finished.

"And how does all this make you feel?" Doc asked.

"If it didn't take so much energy, I'd kill them all."

"So, it's better for everyone that you-" Doc began, pausing to find the right word, "â€¦conserve energy,"

"What? Hell no! He never does any work; how does that help anything?"

"Wait your turn, Simmons," the other man told him. Grif smirked in the cyborg's direction. As those two began bickering sans words, Doc went on.

"Okay, Donut, you're up."

"Well, I'm doing fine," the blonde said. "I mean, it's not all bad here." There was an immediate chorus of disagreements.

"Sarge is a bit stand-offish, though. He's afraid to show everyone his vulnerable, sweet side."

"My what?" Sarge asked incredulously.

"His what?" the other Reds chimed together.

"Simmons and Grif are almost always fighting because of all their pent up emotions, and that gets kind of old," Donut continued, ignoring them. "I can't believe neither one's made a move yet. I mean, they're already like an old married couple!"

"That's exactly what I said!" Tucker agreed. "They just can't see their love yet."

"Christ, Tucker, you're more emotional than a girl," Church mocked.

"Hey! I resent that!" Donut punctured with a fierce glare.

During this, Grif and Simmons had both slowly turned to Donut and Tucker. The maroon man's jaw was clenched while the brunette wore a look of pure bewilderment. Before they could say anything, however, Doc interjected.

"Okay, let's move on. Simmons." Said man turned to Doc.

"I'm not gay. Really. Just because someone hasâ€|dreams about sex with other men doesn't make them gay. It'sâ€|it's natural," he rambled on.

When he stopped there was a still silence as all eyes were trained on him. He didn't seem to notice, own eyes looking down now at his shaking hands. After a minute Doc finally cleared his throat.

"Yes, well, it's good to get things out in the open. Let's go on to Sarge, shall we?"

The older man shifted uncomfortably, eyes still on Simmons. He coughed before asking him, "Are, uh, are any of th' dreams 'bout Grif?"

"What? God, no!" Simmons exclaimed in disgust.

"Any of th' Blues?"

"Never, sir. That thought disturbs me more than you could ever realize." Sarge visibly relaxed, letting out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

Clamping a hand on Simmons' shoulder he told the younger man, "Well, then, Simmons, I support ya one-hundred percent."

"Butâ€|but I'm not gayâ€|" he protested weakly.

"That's great, guys. See? We're already making progress. Church, why don't you let it all out now?"

"Why the fuck am I here? Seriously, am I a cosmic joke? First I get stationed in this hellhole with these complete morons-" he made a sweeping gesture at the circle, "-then I get killed. By my own teammate." He narrowed his dark blue eyes at Caboose.

"Tucker did it!"

"I swear, it would be easier if I was in hell," Church sighed.

"Maybe this is your hell," Tucker suggested. The other man groaned loudly, burying his face in his hands.

"Tex-" Doc said after a beat.

"What the fuck is this rope made out of?" she questioned, still at battle with her bonds.

"Would you like to go now?"

The woman stopped and turned her head to Doc. "I will get out of these and show you pain you've only seen in old history textbooks," she hissed. Her voice was low, seeming to be more menacing than a rattlesnake.

"Um, Caboose- why don't you share your feelings with us?"

"Um," the rookie said unsurely. "Church is my bestest friend ever-" another grown from mentioned man, "-Tucker's a meanie-"

"Man, fuck you, Caboose."

"Tex is scary-"

"Damn straight I am. So why the hell has no one wised-up and gotten me out of these things?"

"And Admiral Butter-cakes is really fun to play with." Donut blushed. "We should have another sleepover! Can we, Church? Pretty please?" he begged.

"Yeah, how about it, Sarge? Can I go over to Blue base tonight?" Donut asked. "I promise to do all my chores."

An eye peeked up from his hands to look at Caboose as Sarge sighed.

"Caboose, do whatever the hell you want. I quit."

"Donut, this is a war an' he's th' enemy," Sarge reminded.

"But he's my friend," the blonde whined like a child, eyes growing wide and teary.

"You know, I think this would be a good way for the two teams to bond," Doc hinted. The older man sighed heavily in

resignation.

"Alright, but come back early tomorrow," he relented.

"Yay! Oh, thankyouthankyouthankyou!" Donut gushed, going over and throwing his arms around Sarge, who only scowled in return.

"This is going great!" Doc smiled brightly. "Tucker, you're the last one."

"Dude, this place is just fucked up," he said, shaking his head slowly; his lips were forming a grin.

"Well," Doc said, looking at his wristwatch, "that's all the time we have for this session. We made some real progress today. Any last words?"

"I'm not gayâ€|"

"Nothing can top this. I need a smoke."

"We're going to have so much fun tonight! I'll be sure to bring my new red nail polish."

"Ooh! We can stay up late and tell stories and bake cookies!"

"Grif, I'm gonna blame this on you."

"Going. To. Kill. You. All."

"Seriously, just send me to hell already, Godâ€| Who am I kidding; I'm not even religious. This place has raped that out of me."

"Fucked. Up."

34. Soothing the Beast Within

****A/N:**** Two down, twenty-three to go. This one's sort of pointless, really. Maybe it's cute and will brighten your day?

> Genre: Humor/Fluff?

> Pairings:Church/Tucker

> Rating: PG-13?

> Summary: Caboose pisses Church off, as per usual, and Tucker calms him down.

> Warnings: Cursing, tongues, surprise kissing, slash, and threats.

Soothing the Beast Within

"Church, how mad would you get if I told you I acc-uh-dentally broke one of your mugs?" Caboose asked with a gulp, hands hidden behind his back.

"Which one?" the older man questioned warily, eying the rookie.

"Um, the blue one with Superman on it," he answered, holding out shards of said cup.

For a minute, Church could only stare in shock at the remains of what had been his favorite cup. Then, with a dangerous deliberateness, his dark blue eyes went up to the sandy blonde himself. His mouth opened as if to say something, and then shut. This happened again and again until Church finally found his voice.

"You _fucktard! _How many goddamn times do I have to tell you not to touch my stuff? You're as bad as a little child!"

Church closed his eyes and took a deep breath, ignoring Cabooses quivering bottom lip and fear in his wide eyes; the younger man could practically see the steam seeping from Church's ears.

A moment passed like that, then Church reopened his eyes and spoke again, words slow so as to let them sink into the younger man's thick skull.

"I am going to count to five, Caboose, and then I am going to shoot. Repeatedly. Until I am completely out of rounds. During those five seconds I give you to live, you are going to run," he instructed with a seething calm. "Do you understand?"

Caboose nodded his head up and down fervently.

"Good. Now, one, two-"

Caboose was out of there faster than Church's sanity on most nights.

Church stared at the now-empty spot where he had been. Dark blue eyes narrowed and hands balled into tight fists ready to strike out at anything, he just stood there mumbling to himself out of pure anger. He shook with furious energy.

That was the state Tucker found him in when he went to go see what the yelling had been about this time. Suffice to say, a mumbling-incoherently-Church sort of scared the fuck out of him; but that was to be expected.

Being used to the other man's short and vicious temper, however, Tucker was pretty sure he could calm him down. Confident of his abilities, he went over to the room's couch and sat, pulling Church into his lap; he didn't seem to notice. Gently, Tucker's dark, unarmored hand stroked Church's black hair.

As he did this, Church slowly began to stop growling and seething, which, Tucker had to admit, he was thankful for. He nestled back into the other man's chest, eyes closing as his breathing evened out. Tucker grinned; Church sort of reminded him of a small cat who really should be de-clawed but no one really had the heart to. Or the balls.

Well, that was easy.

As soon as the thought finished forming in his mind, Tucker suddenly found himself laying face-up on the couch, arms pinned above his head; a tongue not his own was getting _extremely_ well acquainted with his mouth. Reflexively, his eyes shut and he kissed back.

It was a very long minute before their lips separated and eyes

reopened.

"Sex, stress reliever, now," Church panted in explanation as his face leaned down to the other man's neck.

Tucker was perfectly fine with doing whatever it would take to make his teammate less homicidal-and, oh god, if Church kept it up with what he was doing with his teeth and tongue, then Tucker would get down on his knees and thank Caboose for whatever the hell he did.

35. Confessions of a Certain Franklin Delano

****A/N: ****This is short, pointless, and sort of odd. Also, a bit late for the third. Sorry, it was my mother's birthday. I'll have a different one for the fourth.

> Genre: Humor/General

> Pairings: Um, slight Grif/Donut

> Rating: PG-13 for language

> Summary: Donut has an important announcement to tell Grif and Simmons.

> Warnings: Some cursing, talk about sexuality and sex changes.

Confessions of a Certain Franklin Delano Donut

"I have an important announcement," Donut said, standing erect in the middle of the rec room.

From where he laid sprawled out on the couch Grif looked up mildly while Simmons turned a page in his thick book.

"What?" the brunette questioned. Before Donut answered, he took a deep, deliberate breath.

"I'm not gay," the blonde told them.

Grif raised an eyebrow in bewilderment whereas Simmons slowly closed his green eyes in exasperation.

"So, what-you're bi?"

"No; I'm completely, totally and one-hundred percent straight," Donut answered. As he finished speaking, a weight seemed to leave his small shoulders.

Grif flailed with Homeric laughter as Simmons brought a hand up to his freckled face. Donut glared at them both.

"I'm gonna have to call bullshit on that," Grif said after calming down long enough to catch his breath.

"It's not funny, you jerk!" Donut yelled, petite foot stomping stubbornly on the floor.

You're denial's_hilarious_, " the Hawaiian argued.

"Do we need to talk about this now?" Simmons finally asked, looking at the blonde almost pleadingly.

"Yes; it's important." Donut breathed in deep, then released it to steady his frustration. When he felt it was under control, he continued.

"I'm not gay, and I'm not bisexual. I want a sex change. I want to be a girl." He looked hopefully at his teammates.

Grif was quiet, this time Simmons being the one to speak.

"That actually makes a bit of sense," he mused. "As much sense as you can ever make. Well, congratulations on coming out. Now, go do something else so I can finish my book."

Donut smiled at him, wide and giddy. "Thanks, Simmons." He turned expectedly to the still-silent Grif. "So, are you going to say anything, Grif?"

The other man looked at him for another minute without a word. Then, suddenly, he broke out again into laughter, this time louder than before.

"You're an insensitive asshole, Grif!" Donut huffed. Angrily, he spun on his heels and marched out of the room.

Simmons watched Grif's near-hysteria with jaw hanging open in disbelief. After several minutes passed, the laughter finally began to subside as Grif rubbed his eyes.

"Wow, that's great. And, for I while, I was beginning to think I was gay," the brunette mumbled out loud to himself. "What a fuckin' relief."

Simmons shook his head and went back to his book.

36. Night Out

****A/N:**** Two in one day, a special treat. Yeah, they're both kind of short, so I figured I'd upload to for today. Oh, and this one is wildly AU.

****Genre:**** Suspense/General/Action

****Pairings:**** Church/Donut

****Rating:**** PG-13-ish

****Summary:**** Church, alone in a dark alley except for the people shooting at him, has no protection. Except for Donut.

****Warnings:**** Slight cursing, shooting, slash, that's about it.

Night Out

His pale hand twitched towards where his gun would be, if his fucking ex hadn't stolen it from him. Then shot at him until she was out of ammo and finally tossing it into a lake.

Bitch just couldn't take a joke.

The same could be said for him, and Tucker frequently _did_ tell him that.

This, if he thought hard about it, could explain how he got into his current predicament. Essentially, he could blame everyone else. Of course, he would anyway.

Long story short, things happened that really fucking sucked for Leonard Church. It all involved a spatula, sunny-side-up eggs, lesbian lizards, Tucker's bad sense of humor, and, again, the inability to take a joke.

He didn't even _do_ anything this time.

Regardless, he was stuck in an alley at night, getting shot at with no means as to protect himself. The moon was concealed behind thick clouds; the only illumination was a dirty flickering streetlight not too far off on the sidewalk. His escape path was blocked by the men shooting at him on one side and a brick wall on the other.

Jaw clenched, Church peered over the abandoned cardboard box. A shot rang out, passing too-close-for-comfort and hitting the tin trashcan next to him. He ducked his head back down and cursed underneath his breath.

He was going to fuckin' _kill_ Tucker when he got back.
If.

Suddenly, he heard a familiar, (more than) slightly feminine voice talk in a stage whisper: "Simmons, do we _have_ to kill him? I think it's Church, and he's the hot one."

There was an exasperated sigh. Then, "Donut, our orders are to _kill_ him, not leave him alive so you can have some- what does Grif call it?"

"Eye candy," the other man supplied.

"Right, whatever. Besides, I thought you were always drooling over Caboose?"

"Oh, he's just the cute one of the group," he explained. "See, it's this whole series of levels I use to judge a guy's status. Church is a hottie because-"

"Stop," Simmons cut off hurriedly. "Just, stop right there."

"_Please_ can we pretend just this once that we didn't spot a Blue?" he begged desperately.

A beat passed in silence. Finally, with a defeated exhale, Simmons gave his answer.

"Fine. But just this one time, got it, Donut?" There was an excited squeal.

"Thanks, Simmons! I totally owe you."

"Patrol with someone else tomorrow," he requested in a grumbled. "I'm going back to base. Hurry up, and hope Sarge isn't there first."

From his hiding place, Church heard the man's retreating footfalls. He let out the breath he'd been holding, his trigger hand relaxing.

Suddenly, he jumped, feeling fingers brush against his cheek. He looked up into the half shadowed face of a smiling Donut. A lock of blonde hair was fallen in front of a baby blue eye.

"Thanks for that, Donut," Church said. "I'll make it up to you one day."

"No problem, sexy. But, I was thinking that maybe you could pay me back now," Donut told him with a hinting tone, an eye winking on the last word.

Church stood, smirking at the shorter man.

"Sounds good to me," he agreed. "How about in an hour at the bar on Gulch Street?"

"Not too busy?" Donut asked.

"No, not really. I fuckin' hate my team; I'm not too eager to get back to them," he replied.

"It's a date then. See you later, sexy."

With another seductive wink and wave, the blonde turned and sauntered off, hips swaying in a way most other men couldn't imitate. Church grinned at his departing back.

37. Comparing Products

****A/N:** **Uncle went into surgery yesterday, had to stay with my abuela, had no internet access. Sorry. Also, I'm not totally sure where this one came from.

> Genre:Humor/Romance/General

> Pairings:Grif/Donut, Sarge/Simmons

> Rating: PG-13, bordering on R for, ahem, talk about adult situations

> Summary: Grif and Donut, while in the afterglow, get to discussing what they've used in the past as lubricant.

> Warnings: Mentions of sex, slight cursing, nakedness, and slash.

Comparing Products

Both men lay together on the bunk, naked and only shielded from the elements by a thin sheet. The smaller blonde's head rested on the other's broad chest, a finger tracing circles and patterns on his stomach.

The brunette's hand instinctively reached out for his pack of cigarettes; he stopped, however, not wanting to listen to the other's

complaints. Instead, he put both arms behind his head as a makeshift pillow.

"Thatâ€¦wasâ€¦_intense_," Donut breathed, heavy pants puncturing each word. Grif smirked, hazel eyes closing.

"Fuck yeah."

There was compatible silence for a minute save for their short and hard, uneven breathes. Then, Donut spoke again.

"I can't believe we used salad oil as lube."

"I can't believe we_had_any," Grif chuckled. "Never used it before?" Donut gave a small shake of his head, fair locks clinging to his face.

"Olive oil, yeah, but never salad oil," he replied.

"Used that before. Not my favorite. I still like it better than using Crisco, though," Grif said.

"I've never used that brand before. I'm more into stuff like hand lotion and hair conditioner," the blonde told his partner.

"Yeah, you showed me that last week," the older man reminded.

"Oh, yeah. Can't forget that," Donut grinned. "I just think it feels way better than all that other stuff out there. I hate using just plain spit." As he spoke, his nose wrinkled in distaste.

"Hey, spit is effective," Grif argued. "Besides, it's way better than suntan lotion. Healthier, too, now that I think about it."

"Oh, one time on this beach, me and this guy used that liquid sunscreen stuff."

Grif nodded, having used it _many_times in the past, back in Hawaii. He brought a hand out from under his head and began to play with Donut's blonde locks that were still matted with sweat.

"One time at this party, this guy and I were locked in a pantry. Long story short, we ended up screwing using beer."

"_Beer? _Seriously?" Donut asked incredulously. The other man shrugged.

"We were already pretty wasted," he explained.

After a beat of silence Donut asked, "Could that give you a yeast infection?"

Grif cocked an eyebrow. Then, after contemplating it for a bit he answered, "I really don't know."

"Either way, beer is totally not a good lubricant."

"Maybe not for you. But come on, I was like seventeen."

"God, I'd rather use regular, cheap soap than alcohol of any sorts,"

Donut told him. "I mean, who wants to be lathered with beer?"

"Better than just using plain sweat," he countered.

The blonde stuck out his tongue in disgust and said, "Gag me. Using sweat is gross."

"Wasn't at the time." Donut looked up at Grif questioningly.

"You actually could stand to use sweat? That's worse than the beer thing."

"Heat of the moment between two horny twenty-year-olds who didn't have anything else."

Donut settled back into Grif's chest, the latter still running fingers through his hair. He closed his baby blues for a minute, trying to recall all the other lubricants he had used in the past. After a minute, his eyes reopened and he tilted his head so he could see Grif's face as he asked another question.

"You ever jacked a guy off then used his semen as a lube?"

"Once during this threesome between me, this dude, and his sister," the brunette admitted.

"Nice."

There was another comfortable silence between the two for a few minutes. Grif gazed up at the ceiling, his own question burning in his mind. Finally, he spoke it out loud.

"Since Simmons is a cyborg, you think he ever uses motor oil?" Donut blinked several times, taken aback.

"Motor oil?" he repeated unsurely in bewilderment.

"Motor oil," the other confirmed.

Another beat of silence, then Donut wondered, "Is Sarge that kinky?"

"Have you seen the guy?"

"That stuff can't be good for your system."

"Probably not," Grif agreed.

"Hm. You know, besides hand lotion and conditioner, my favorite thing to use every once in a while is butter," Donut said suddenly.

"Butter?" For some reason, the thought of spreading that all over the small, lithe man seemed very appealing.

"Yeah. Wanna try it?" Grif's growing erection answered for him.

Sarge and Simmons walked into the kitchen later than usual; the latter's slightly awkward gait did not go unnoticed by the other two. Nor did how he eased himself down gently onto the chair. Simmons poured himself a glass of orange juice while Sarge started to toast some slices of bread.

With a glance at the smirking Grif, Donut stage whispered, "Motor oil."

Instantly, Simmons coughed and spit his drink back into the cup; his cheeks were the color of the armor he usually wore. Donut beamed.

"Guess they do," he mused.

"Knew it."

Simmons looked at the couple in confusion; Donut munched innocently on a bagel and Grif downed his third cup of coffee that morning.

"What are you two talking about?" he demanded warily. He only received a smirk and giggle in response.

Sarge, meanwhile, brought his toast over to the table, sitting down next to Simmons. His hand reached out, stopping short when he didn't spot what he wanted.

Irrked he asked, "Where's th' butter?"

Donut and Grif shared a secret look.

"Alreadyâ€|_eaten,"_Grif told him. Butter _was _a good one to use.

38. 'Tis the Season to Argue

****A/N: ****Miss me? Sorry, power went out on Wednesday, and then felt too sick yesterday to will up the energy to type stuff up. So, here's Wednesday's.

> Rating: PG seems fine to me

> Genre: General/Humor

> Pairings: None

> Summary: Tucker and Caboose fight over a candy cane while Tex taunts Church, who has no holly-jolly-Christmas-joy.

> Warnings: Taunting, arguing, mild language, and not much else I suppose.

'Tis the Season to Argue

"Just remember," Tex said to Church as the man buried his head in his hands, "God hates you."

Church looked up at her with a scowl. Through clenched teeth he growled, "I can't forget."

From the other side of the room, Tucker and Caboose went on arguing; they were loud enough to resurrect the dead-who then would kill

themselves just to stop having to hear the two.

Tex, ruthless smirk on her lips, told the man, "And just think, in a bit they're going to come running to you like children to their daddy."

"You know, Tex, you really get too much enjoyment out of this."

"Can't help it," she replied with a casual shrug. "It's my job to see you suffer, then make it all that much worse."

"Gee, thanks. You really make the holiday season more tolerable," Church muttered. The woman only chuckled at him.

"Church!" came the sudden cry from Caboose. The two turned to him.

"What?" he asked, not caring but wanting to get it over with.

"Tucker took my candy cane!"

"Hey, you took the last blue one already," Tucker countered.

"So?"

"So this one's mine."

"But it was mine first!"

"Not anymore it ain't."

"Dear lord, kill me now, Tex," Church begged.

"Naw; it's so wonderful to see you miserable. Especially at Christmas time."

"Ow! Church, Tucker hit me!" Caboose yelled.

"He started it!" the accused man defended.

Church groaned; his head was pounding as though everyone were physically beating him with hammers. Oh, and joy-it was only about six-thirty.

"Shouldn't you two be getting to bed?" the exhausted man tried. There was a chorus of negatives. "Great."

Tucker and Caboose went back to fighting, the former dangling the candy cane just out of reach from the younger one. He put a hand to Caboose's forehead to limit him further.

"Gimme!"

"Hell no!"

Church robbed his temples, dark blue eyes tightly shut. Tex, still smirking maliciously, snickered at the man.

"Aw, lighten up, Mister Grinch," she teased.

"You know what?" Church said, standing abruptly. "I'm gonna go hang myself with a stocking."

"Donut knit you the pale blue one with the elf on it," Tex called out as he left the room.

"Joy. I can kill myself with Christmas spirit."

39. Plotting Paranoia

****A/N: ****Because I love messing with Tucker and Church. You guys are gonna get some real goodies tomorrow.

> Genre: Humor/General

> Pairings: Slight Tucker/Church

> Rating: PG-13 for language

> Summary: Wherein Donut and the majority of Blue Team, plus Doc and Junior, are plotting against Church, who takes solace in Tucker's room.

> Warnings: Crack, cursing, slash, mentions of voyeurism.

(Plotting)

> Paranoia<p>

Church was not a paranoid person, per say. It was just that he didn't trust othersâ€”his track record was just proof that he should suspect the worst from most if not all.

So it really was no surprise that when he walked into the rec room to see Donut and Grif's sister Kerry whispering and throwing looks his way he grew very suspicious. He grew even more so when he asked them what they were doing and they giggled. Evilly. Like schoolgirls. Evil schoolgirls.

Church didn't fall for that bullshit.

* * *

>The next day, the pale blue armored soldier went into the kitchen to grab a snack. At the table were Donut, Kerry, and Caboose. They had been talking amongst themselves inaudibly, but quickly quieted when he entered.<p><p>

Church eyed them warily as he fixed himself a sandwich; all three watched him, as well.

* * *

>It wasn't long after that when Church, fully on-guard, walked in on the group with a new member: Tex.<p><p>

That scared him worse than anything. Especially when she smirked so menacingly that he swore he heard thunder boom threateningly in the background.

* * *

>After that Church took to watching his back very carefully. He'd go out of the way to avoid those four. And it worked, until he went outside and saw them gathered around Sheila.<p><p>

Oh, that was just great; a giant fucking tank was against him.

* * *

>It wasn't long until Doc, Lopez's head, and even Tucker's kid joined them. But what really got him was when Andy started whispering secretly with the group.<p><p>

When Church finally asked them what they were all doing they replied with a simultaneous, "Nothing!" which sent chills up and down his spine.

With more speed than he'd ever exerted for anything in the last four to five years, Church ran out of there like a bat out of hell. He raced over to the only safe place he could think of: Tucker's room.

"Hey, Church. What-" the mocha skinned man greeted as Church burst into his room. Before he could finish, however, the smaller male zoomed over and into his bed. "â€|the hell?"

"They're plotting against me," Church told him, brown eyes darting all over the room like a caged and frightened squirrel.

"Um, who?"

"Everyone but you," he replied.

Tucker was going to ask more questions-because, frankly, he was confused as hell-but was silenced when there came a knock on his door. Instantly, Church hit the floor and darted underneath Tucker's bunk.

"Um, come in?"

The door opened and Tex popped her head in. She was smirking as she asked, "Have you seen Church? I have â€|_surprise_ for him."

"Uh, no?" Tucker replied carefully. The woman eyed him, then shrugged acceptingly a moment later.

"Okay, then. Just, be sure to send him my way when you do," she requested before leaving and shutting the door behind her.

"â€|Rightâ€|"

Both men listened to her footfalls down the hallway. When they became faint, Church crawled back into the bed, being sure to hide behind Tucker.

"Don't trust that evil bitch. Probably gonna take my soul and do horrible things to it."

"Right, soul rape. So, um, what the fuck?" was all Tucker could

manage asking, for what had to be the hundredth time.

"I have no idea what they're all planning, but you're now my bodyguard," Church appointed.

"_Why?"_

"Because, right now, you're the most trust worthy," he explained. "Which is saying a lot. Now shut the hell up."

"Whatever," Tucker agreed, shaking his head good-naturedly.

* * *

>"Church in Tucker's room?" Donut asked.<p><p>

"Yeah," Tex answered. "He thinks we're plotting something diabolical against him, so he won't be out for a while. If I know Church, he probably won't be able to fall asleep unless Tucker's holding him." She let loose a small snicker.

"See? I knew he was a big softie underneath that cold, everyone-but-me-sucks attitude of his," Kerry said.

"Well, duh. He's just like Sarge and every other boy in this canyon," Donut told her.

"So, how long do ya think it'll take 'fore they found out they love each other and have hot, wild and passionate man-sex?" the freckled woman asked.

"Hopefully soon," Donut replied. "Man, I wonder if they'll let us watch." Tex rolled her eyes.

40. To Surmount

**A/N: **I want to dedicate this to my inspiration for this storyâ€¦I really wish I knew what my muse was for this thing, but whatever it was, thanks.

> Genre: Romance/Humor

> Pairings:Tucker/Church, brief mention of Grif/Simmons

> Rating: R

> Summary: Tucker has a problem getting it up, Church feels insulted, and Donut knows what's up, or down as the case may be.

> Warnings: Allusions to sex, slash, cursing, slight fluff, and making out.

To Surmount

Church had a Shirtless Tucker pressed up against the wall, hands pinned behind his back. The darker man moaned as Church sucked on his collarbone, fingers working on undoing his pants. When he succeeded he pulled them and the boxers underneath just far enough to reveal Tucker's cock.

Grabbing it greedily, Church looked down; he noticed something odd considering their current situation.

"Hey, Tucker?" he asked.

"Y-yeah?" the other man panted, wondering why the hell Church had stopped.

"How turned on are you right now?"

"A fuckin' _lot_," Tucker told him.

"So, why don't you have an erection then?" Church questioned, looking up expectedly at him.

"What?"

Thrown off-guard, he blinked a few times before quickly snapping his neck down to see his, indeed, limp penis. Bewildered, he glanced back at his waiting partner.

"Dude, I don't know why I'm not hard."

"Tucker, if you didn't want sex you could have just said something. There are at least three other guys I could have hit up tonight."

"No! I do want sex," he protested. As an after thought he stressed, "_Badly_."

"Then you're either lying or something's wrong with you," Church assessed.

"I'm not lying," Tucker swore. When, a beat later, it occurred to him what option was left he muttered, "Fuckberries."

X

"Well, I can't find anything physically wrong with you," Doc told the man.

"So, he just wasn't turned on," Church translated, sounding insulted.

"I was, damn it!" Tucker denied for what seemed to him the hundredth time.

"Tucker, I'm a grown man. I think I can handle someone not being in the fuckin' mood," Church practically growled.

"What do I have to do to prove it?" the mocha skinned man asked.

"Have an erection."

"Church, it's pretty damn obvious that I can't."

"Because you're not turned on."

"I was fuckin' turned on!" he exploded. Before they could argue the point further, Doc cut in.

"Why not see a psychiatrist?" the medic suggested.

"Okay, first off, I don't have a problem. Seriously, guys. And even if I did, where would I get a psychiatrist in the middle of Blood Gulch?"

O

"Donut, I'm _fine,"_Tucker protested through gritted teeth. He was laying down across his bed with hands behind his head as levitation while he looked up at the ceiling in frustration.

Donut was sitting on a chair next to him, blonde hair tied up in a neat bun and thick black glasses-sans-lenses falling down the bridge of his nose. His legs were crossed at the knees and he wore dress slacks, a pink collared button-up shirt, and a clipboard was between his hands.

"Obviously you're not," he rebutted, pointed down at Tucker's crotch. "Now, just tell me what's on your mind." Tucker glanced over at the Red.

"Where'd you get those glasses?"

"Simmons, but that's beside the point."

"He let you borrow them?"

"Not exactly, but he was too busy with Grif to stop me if you know what I mean."

"Bow-chicka-bow-wow."

"Yup. Now, back on track- unload your thoughts on me."

"Dude, Donut, that sounds really gay."

"And you fuck Church. Or, you would if you could get it up," the blonde countered. Tucker blinked, taken aback.

"Thatâ€¦that was cold."

"Hey, I can be pretty damn fierce," Donut told him, hand clawing the air like a cat. "Now, lay back, close your eyes, relax, and just tell me what's wrong."

Tucker, begrudgingly, did as instructed. He thought for a minute, brow furrowing in his attempt. When Tucker came up with nothing, he couldn't help but let out a noise of agitation.

"I don't _know._" It came out sounding more of a whine than he would have preferred, yet Tucker didn't much care.

"Start from the beginning. Describe yours and Church's relationship. What would you call yourselves?" he prompted.

Tucker contemplated that question. He couldn't help but wonder the same thing.

They were somewhat friend_ly_ to each other, but would either call

them _friends_? Definitely not boyfriends or lovers, that was for damn sure.

Settling on the perfect label Tucker replied, "Fuckbuddies."

"Mm," Donut mumbled as Tucker heard him marking on the clipboard. "So, you would describe yourselves as having a cupboard love?"

Tucker cracked an eye open, staring at Donut quizzically.

"Um, we really don't like cupboards especially," he said slowly. "Well, I know I don't care either way, not sure about Church. Except, he did cuss the cupboards out about two mornings ago because they got stuck again," he recalled. "He hadn't had his coffee yet."

Baby blue eyes rolled as Donut let out a long and exasperated sigh that could only be performed by someone with years in the drama and theatre department.

"Boys never get love idioms," the blonde muttered to himself before looking pointedly at Tucker.

"What I mean by that is you two only have a small love for each other when you want something; you know, conditional love," he elucidated. "In this case, sex."

"Oh." A beat. Tucker went back to staring up at his bleak ceiling.

"It's possible," Donut spoke up after a minute of heavy silence, "that you want more." His tone was gentle, vaguely prodding in an almost indirect way.

"More sex?" The younger man shook his head, causing a strand of blonde hair to escape the otherwise orderly bun.

"No, I mean more relationship wise. You could have failed to have an erection 'cause, deep down, you don't just want constant sex without commitment."

"You're crazy," Tucker huffed quickly.

"I think you really love Church, and that scares you." The words were articulated softly, and Tucker only faintly caught them.

It was silent again, Tucker feeling oppressed by an unseen weight. It assaulted all his senses until he couldn't take it anymore; Tucker got up and out of the room in a hurry, leaving the other man alone in the quietude with a knowing smirk on his face.

The hallways were dark as everyone tried to pretend it was a real night and outside the sun_wasn't _glaring mockingly all the time. Tucker made his way to the kitchen, stopping short of going in.

The refrigerator door was open, the only light flooding the room, and he could make out Church, bereft of armor, bent over as he searched its contents deliberately. The smaller man soon stood his full height, closing the door after taking out a jug of milk.

Before he knew what he was doing, Tucker's feet led him silently over to Church. Suddenly, his hands were on Church's waist and his mouth was next to his ear, whispering.

Holy fuck, was he about to tell Church-

"I love you let 'shave sex."

Yeah, he did.

Church turned his head to the side and smirked at Tucker, saying, "And I just came out here for a glass of milk."

Without another word, Tucker pushed Church onto the nearby counter. They looked at each other for a moment, venereous glints mirrored in their eyes. Then, he broke the gaze abruptly by attacking Church's parted lips.

Instantly Tucker's tongue darted into the moaning man's mouth, greedily exploring all he could reach. It was a long while until they separated for oxygen, both panting.

"I've got a different something for you to swallow," Tucker told him when he'd caught a bit of his breath.

Church didn't get a chance to speak as their lips crashed together again, sloppier this time. Church nipped on the other man's bottom lip, making Tucker groan with want. When they once more parted for air, it was Church who spoke up first.

"So you're gonna get it up this time?" he asked almost teasingly.

Tucker answered by pressing the bulge in his pants up against his leg, a hand already going up church's thin undershirt.

End
file.